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# DUBLIN REVIEW

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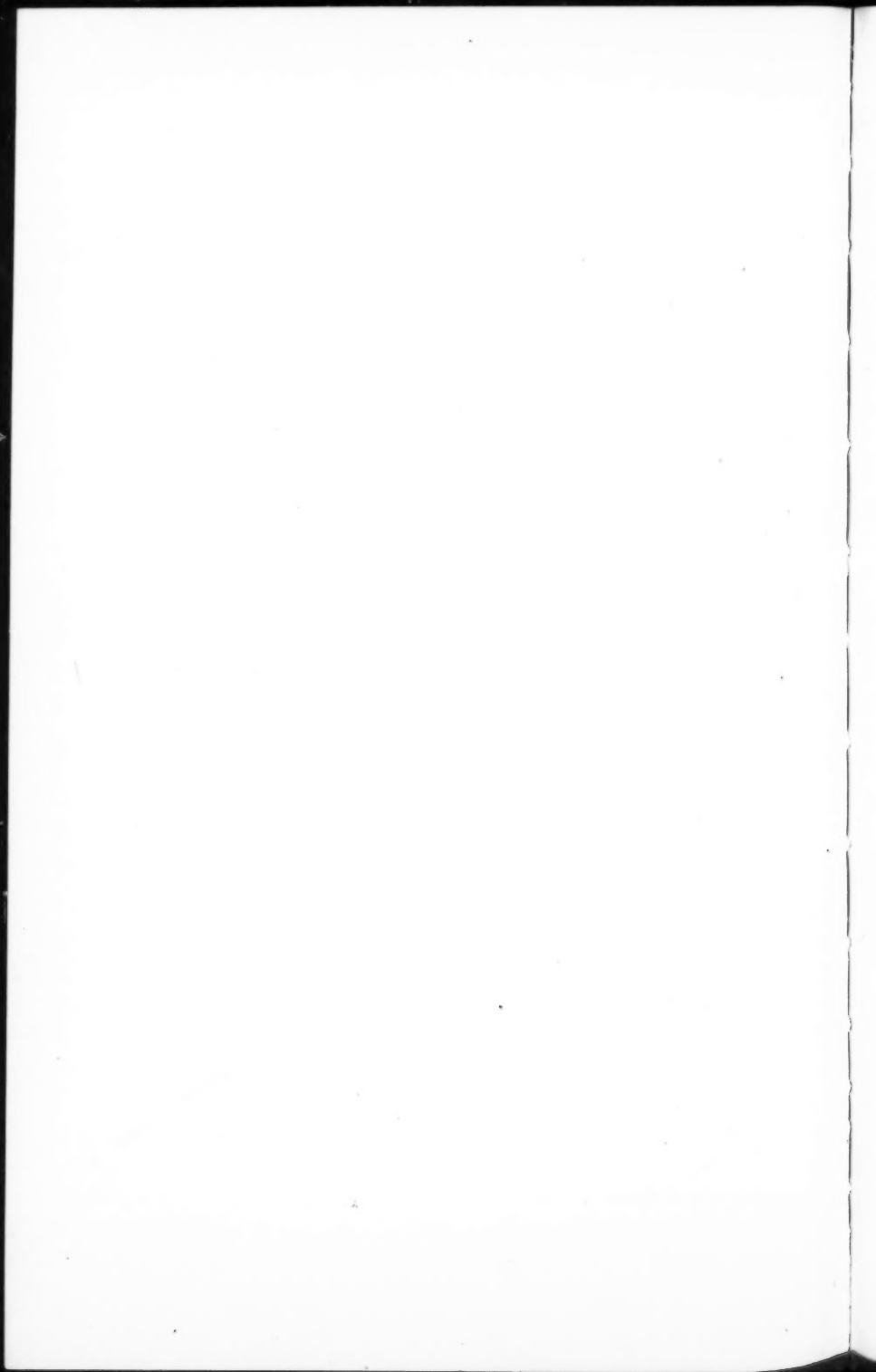




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# The Dublin Review

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1918

## THE TRAVAIL OF IRELAND

I

JOHN REDMOND : A RE-  
MEMBRANCE

PERHAPS only in his own country did the greatness of John Redmond fail of full recognition. He had, indeed, a share of popular favour, a share diminished in those last months when it was most needed, and some measure of the respect of political opponents ; but the favour was not given without reserve, nor was the respect always unmingled with condescension. Had he chosen to sit for a British constituency, his right to Cabinet rank would have been unquestioned ; had he given himself to professional work, he must have made a fortune or have had a high place on the Judicial Bench. But since he thought it to be his duty to devote his talents to the cause of his country, he died prematurely worn and broken-hearted, poorer than when he first embarked upon politics, having, year after year, seen men, his inferiors in character, in ability, and in influence, become officers of State and members of His Majesty's Privy Council.

Yet John Redmond was a man to whom the achievement of the customary ambitions of men of the world offered attractions. He was no ascetic. He liked good wine and the many pleasant things which money can buy. Nor was he one of your born demagogues who find their chief pleasure in popular applause, and prefer to criticize rather



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than assist in the work of government. He would readily have assumed the responsibilities of office had his sense of obligation to Ireland allowed. But, having first given up that way of living which perhaps he loved best of all—the pleasant, easy, comfortable life of the Irish country gentleman—for the indescribable boredom of a House of Commons which suffers fools only too gladly, he had next to renounce all those ambitions for which men ordinarily sacrifice their ease, and to make this renunciation not once for all—which to a man conscious of great gifts and opportunities is hard enough—but daily. Yet, so completely was this sacrifice taken for granted, and so little was its magnitude recognized, that there were found people so mean-minded as to declare that his chief purpose in political life was to conserve the four hundred pounds a year now paid to members of Parliament.

If we inquire why it was that sacrifices so notable and services so great were little appreciated by many of his own countrymen, the cause will, I think, be found to be this—that Redmond's qualities as a leader were precisely those of which Ireland has most need, but which, nevertheless, she has as yet learned least to value—plain honesty of purpose, respect for other people's opinions, a soul incapable of rancour. All democracies, it may be, admire the histrion. Great men as they were, Daniel O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell (in everything else so unlike one another) owed something of their hold over the Irish popular imagination to a touch of theatricality as over the English did Disraeli and Joseph Chamberlain. Redmond was, in public as in private life, a plain blunt man who loved his friends without hating his enemies, and talked no nonsense to either. Accustomed by other politicians of all shades to a more flamboyant rhetoric, adorned with scornful denunciations of the opposite party, Ireland found somewhat insipid the speeches of one who neglected the arts by which the cheers of a public meeting are most easily obtained. We have yet to learn, it appears, that strong language is not evidence of strength; and Redmond's temperance of

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thought and expression often disappointed political friends without much, if at all, conciliating political opponents.

If I say Redmond was great, I do not forget his very obvious limitations. Like Parnell, he had curiously few interests beside those of politics and sport. He read little, and was perhaps somewhat indolent except when stirred by a great emergency. A man of deep convictions, he yet lacked passion ; and thus neither as a popular leader nor as an orator stirred or captivated the imagination of his people. The embodiment of common sense, he was averse from the bizarre and from the new-fangled. A Conservative through and through, he had an instinctive dislike of revolutionary and even of unfamiliar ideas. Thus, as events have shown, he found himself latterly out of touch with that new Ireland which was growing up in Gaelic League branches and among the younger generation of the students of Maynooth. As with O'Connell in his last days, Redmond's reward was to be repudiated and denounced by a generation which had yet to learn that freedom is rarely won by some single act of heroism, and that in politics no party can have everything its own way. He did not, as O'Connell did, provoke opposition by intemperate denunciation of fellow nationalists ; but he ignored some of them—perhaps a more wounding behaviour. Not that he ignored them from motives of jealousy or of that resentment which elderly men sometimes show towards the interference of their juniors ; it was rather that he remained almost unaware of their existence. Temperamental peculiarities already indicated had been strengthened by training. Entering Parliament as a very young man at the height of the Land War, he had been cut off from social intercourse with persons outside the circle of his colleagues ; and the habits then formed must have been still further developed by the narrowing of this circle itself through the Parnell split. For John Redmond—at least in his later life, of which alone I can speak—had extraordinarily few intimate friends ; and among these few death had been terribly

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busy of recent years. I suppose no politician ever took less pains to attract a following in or out of Parliament. He conducted no campaigns in the Press, pulled no wires, sought for no man's support by flattery or threats. If one asked his counsel he gave it frankly. If one did not, he took no steps to sway one's judgment. At meetings of the Party it was his habit to express his own opinions with the utmost candour: if these were not approved he was always ready to submit to the decisions of the majority. Himself scrupulously obedient to the least of the unwritten rules of the Party, he was vigilant to see that they should not bear harshly upon others. It was characteristic of him that, during the sittings of the Convention, he would not allow the Nationalist representatives to act together as a political caucus. He was there to do his best for Ireland without any other prepossession; and he desired that all its members should conceive their duty in the same manner.

To the generality of his countrymen John Redmond was known as an impressive, if not an inspiring, orator. To those who saw him closer at hand his oratorical gifts were his smallest claim to their respect. We knew him for something much greater than an orator—a loyal friend, a man of unswerving honour, a wise counsellor, a teller of the truth, one in whose presence jealousy and conceit, petty spite, backbiting, the imputation of mean motives, foolish resentments, simply melted away. I remember well the last talk I ever had with him. He had come back to London, already seriously ill, after a sitting of the Convention at which his efforts to effect a common understanding between the Southern Unionists and the majority of the Nationalist representatives had been at the last moment frustrated by the action of certain of the latter. Knowing from other sources something of what had happened, and seeing him thus broken in health and spirit, I was full of anger and spoke harshly of one of those whose unexpected action had (as it seemed) destroyed the fruit of many laborious months. But Redmond would not have it so. "Oh, X. is all right; he did what he

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thought was best for Ireland," was his only comment. Thus was it always. The one thing he was instant to rebuke was any unkind or unjust attack upon those who differed from him. And in all the sixteen years during which I had the honour to know him, I never once heard him say a bitter thing, in private or in public, of any of those who used to revile and deride him. In public, when he was the object of such attacks, he maintained a dignified silence; in private, he sometimes expressed a half-humorous surprise and (as I think) a sincere bewilderment. He could not understand, it seemed to me, how men could cherish these invincible resentments. But, though he had long trained himself to keep a stiff upper lip, I think he sometimes felt the sneers and the abuse more than he cared to show to anyone. This magnanimity of his was not only Redmond's noblest virtue, but also the determining factor in his policy. We can see this in his attitude towards the War, and in his attitude towards the problems of the Irish settlement. Ireland has been so long isolated from Europe, so long compelled to devote her thoughts and energies to the assertion of her own national consciousness, so long (and alas! for such weighty reasons) accustomed to look upon England as her only enemy, that it is small wonder if the majority of her people do not easily understand the issues which are being fought out in this War. But Redmond understood them. It was not in order to win the applause of the House of Commons for himself, nor in order to confound by one bold stroke the British opponents of Home Rule, but simply because he saw England was for once at any rate on the right side, that in that memorable speech of his, in August, 1914, he pledged Nationalist Ireland to the cause of the Entente Powers.

His action was all the more significant in that it was the result not of concerted policy, but of individual impulse. He had not, I am told, intended to speak at all during the debate. A few moments only before he rose he had hurriedly consulted two colleagues on the Irish benches. One heartily approved his purpose; the other

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(whose devotion to the Allied cause has since been proved by his unwearying labours) was doubtful, fearing, it would seem, the political effect in Ireland. But Redmond, with that sure instinct of his for the heart of a situation, and with that recklessness of possible injury to his personal position for which he has been given little credit among us, refused to temporize. In a flash of inspiration he had seen what the honour of his country demanded of him; and no smaller thing must be allowed to stand in the way. He knew (who better than he?) what were the grievances of Ireland, as well recent as ancient. But a week or two before blood had been shed by British soldiers in the streets of Dublin. The very men to whose aid he brought the unrivalled power of his influence had but a few days earlier been preparing ostentatiously to levy civil war against his own people. Few could have blamed him had he at least hesitated, negotiated, bargained for his price. He did none of these things. No resentment, private or public, could obscure his vision, no calculations deflect his singleness of aim. If his generosity of mind evoked no corresponding generosity from our English rulers, if his greatness of soul was unmatched among ourselves (save where here and there men, hearing his call, his own brother among them, went out to join the armies of Freedom), let that stand to our discredit and to his renown. If some of us have since wearied of well-doing, we were all with him then. Faint hearts that we are, we have begun to doubt: we try to persuade ourselves that we would have had him act less nobly. We wrong ourselves. We did not then desire our leader to chaffer for the price of our aid. Our Irish Divisions are there to prove it—our Irish dead who lie buried in France and Flanders, in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia and Macedonia. At his word, Ireland sprang to arms in 1914. Let that be remembered, whatever the future may bring to us of shame or self-reproach.

What rebuffs Redmond afterwards endured; how his advice was disregarded and his influence undermined; how Irish enthusiasm was chilled and Irish sympathies

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alienated from the great cause ; how we were once more driven back upon ourselves, forgetting in our anger that liberty is one and indivisible—all these things have often been told and need not here be repeated. Saddened, disappointed, and in the end broken-hearted, John Redmond never wavered. British politicians played him false ; his own people fell away from him ; the War slew his only brother—that gentlest of soldiers and most gallant of gentlemen—and brought him a daily agony of private anxiety. But I am sure that never for one hour did he regret what he had done.

And as he had allowed no thought of personal advantage and no recollection of injuries to determine his attitude towards the War, so he would not allow such things to stand in the way of reconciliation between Irishmen. After one of the first sittings of the Convention, a very keen observer, who watched its proceedings from day to day, wrote of him : “ If we fail, it will not be the fault of this Irish statesman ” ; and again and again the same witness has recorded in his diary Redmond’s unwearying efforts to bring about such a settlement as would involve no smallest humiliation to any section of his countrymen. Here, too, his generosity met with a sorry reward. His earnest pleading for a better understanding broke against the obstinate silence of the Ulster delegates. When all hope of unanimity had to be abandoned, he still sought to unite the forces of Ireland south of the Boyne. The Report shows how nearly he came to success in this respect, and how his purpose was only defeated on an issue which (whatever the intrinsic importance) had hardly attracted any attention at all during the long debates upon the Home Rule Act, namely, the retention of customs by the Imperial Parliament. One need not now inquire whether his view of this matter was right or wrong. I have already shown how little he resented the action of those of his colleagues who differed from him in regard to it. For himself (and this is the only aspect of the matter with which I am now concerned) he would not allow anything which was not of the essence of the National claim to



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stand in the way of better relations between various classes of Irishmen. In this he displayed what was (as I think), next to magnanimity, his most marked characteristic—a rare sense of proportion. He saw that Ireland wanted, more than anything else, peace within her own borders. To get those sections of her people who had lived at enmity to reach even partial agreement was, in his eyes, an object worth many sacrifices. He was a little impatient of those who mistake shadow for substance.

Redmond was a realist, in a very noble and honourable sense of the word. He saw things, that is to say, as they are, neither being misled himself nor, if he could help it, suffering others to be misled by hallucinations, or prejudices, or affections. But the majority of mankind everywhere are sentimentalists. It is true they do not so label themselves, the word sentiment being out of fashion since the French Revolution. They prefer to pose variously as idealists or as practical men. The first title is most honoured among us in Ireland, the second in Great Britain. At bottom, both sorts are much the same and equally mischievous. Each of them is bemused by phrases: each is capable of setting a country in a blaze through sheer disinclination to face realities. English and Irish sentimentalists alike love strong language, and what in their various ways they are pleased to consider a strong line of policy. The English sentimentalist is all for “stamping out Irish sedition,” and in his character of “practical man” will listen to no high-falutin nonsense about national aspirations. Ignoring the plain fact that, whether he likes it or not, these aspirations exist and grow always stronger when harshly checked, he sows sedition among us with both hands. The Belfast workman chalks “No Pope here” on the walls of the sweating-factory, and gives his vote to the worst enemies of his class; the Sinn Féiner wrecks all he can of the constructive work of thirty years and appeals to the Peace Conference, having first alienated the sympathies of every former friend of Ireland in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and the United States of America. Small wonder, perhaps, that,



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in this hubbub of noisy persons all shouting together "No Surrender," "No Compromise," "No lowering of the Flag," "Croppies lie down," "Up the Rebels," few should have been willing to listen to one counselling mutual understanding and goodwill.

It was Redmond's fate to be thwarted at every turn by malicious men, to be misunderstood by fools, to be despised as an opportunist by that large class of persons who think that victories are won by shouting. For he had set himself the hardest task which a leader can undertake. It is a comparatively easy matter to head a band of devoted followers in an attack upon an open enemy. The making of peace is a more difficult, as it is a less obviously heroic, business. To secure what has been fairly won, yet to refrain from endangering it by pressing even legitimate claims too far; to maintain a just balance between dishonouring concessions and impracticable demands; above all, to teach those who have but a few hours before been locked in strife to shake hands upon an agreement, not, it may well be, wholly agreeable to either of the combatants—here is something fit to test all a man has of courage and statesmanship. From that test Redmond passed triumphant, though for the moment having failed of his purpose. For in such a matter it is not success, but character, that counts. And need we even yet say that he failed? Let it be granted that his influence in Ireland had greatly diminished of late. Of this he was sorrowfully conscious. Nevertheless, those who make most noise are not usually the most numerous; and it may be he underrated his hold over that great, silent, undemonstrative body of men and women, in whom in all countries resides the true spirit of the nation.

I am convinced that John Redmond was more representative of the central mind of Ireland than he had himself come to believe. After all, we who live in Ireland know very well, when we come to think of it, that the divisions between us are neither so great nor so rooted in the nature of things as we have been in the habit of assuming. We have contrived to persuade strangers, and

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perhaps ourselves, that we are a nation of restless, dissatisfied, turbulent creatures, never happy except when there is trouble going. In reality we are, North and South, as quiet and decent a people as can be found in Europe, conservative to a fault, tolerant, charitable in deed if not always in word, with a shrewd knowledge as to which side our bread is buttered. Talk to a member of that Ancient Order of Hibernians who is vulgarly supposed, in certain circles, to have sworn an oath to extirpate the Protestants of Ireland, and you will find him full of the strangest liking for those dour people of the Black North. Talk to an Orangeman, and it is long odds he will begin by denouncing Priests and Papists, and end by telling you that some of his best friends are Catholics and the only Roman Priest he knows is an excellent fellow. Broadbent comes to Ireland with a revolver in his suit-case, sure that "as a landlord he will be shot at, and, as a Protestant, denounced from every altar," and discovers to his bewilderment that he is an object not of fear or hatred, but merely of amusement.

The truth is that not merely John Redmond had more sense than most of us, but that we have all of us more sense than we give ourselves credit for. Nothing will ever persuade me that the kith and kin of those Irish soldiers, from North and South, who for nearly four years have been fighting shoulder to shoulder in the trenches in France, cannot contrive sooner or later to live together in peace and amity here at home. And nothing will persuade me, either, that the inhabitants of these two islands, whose interests are bound up together by so many common ties, and by common blood (for the talk of Celt and Anglo-Saxon is nowadays sheer pedantry, the two races and a dozen others having long ago been mingled), cannot find within the great Commonwealth some tolerable settlement of their differences. Nor will I believe, despite present appearances, that Ireland, in her heart, feels that Redmond was wrong in what he declared to be her duty in the war. Here are some words which he spoke in November, 1915,

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immediately after his return from a visit to the Irish regiments on the Western Front : " I have brought back from the Irish troops a message to Ireland. I told them that I brought them from Ireland a message of sympathy and encouragement. They asked me to bring back a message to Ireland. It was that they felt, every man of them, that in this war they were fighting not merely for the historic principles of liberty and right, not merely to avenge Belgium, but that they were fighting for the freedom and prosperity of their own beloved Island—and all they ask is that Ireland will stand by them. Ireland has sent them to the front. Ireland's duty is to stand by them ; and what I will say to the Irish people is that Ireland for ever would be disgraced in the history of the world if, having sent these men to the front, she did not raise the necessary reserves to fill every gap that may arise in their ranks."

In every word that John Redmond spoke, in every action, one can trace the same great, simple, noble, mind. When smaller men, miserably unregardful of a life singly devoted to the service of his country, charge him with having lowered her flag and defame him as the tool of a foreign government, the answer is plain. As he was more charitable than they are, he could forgive. As he was wiser than they are, he was ready to sacrifice the temporary to the permanent, the less to the greater. As he was more patriotic than they are, he knew that the liberty of Ireland could not and ought not to be bought at the price of the liberty of the world. Charity, wisdom, far-sightedness, these virtues we who knew him found in John Redmond.

HUGH A. LAW.

# The Travail of Ireland

## II.

### THE CONVENTION : A MEMBER'S AFTERTHOUGHTS

IT is now some hundred and twenty years since the last Irish Parliament came to its end, slain by its own children, or a majority of them, in spite of the impassioned protests of those who refused to allow their judgments to be perverted, or their votes extracted, by the glittering bribes, pecuniary and political, at the service of all occupying seats in either Irish House. Amongst the minority was the great-grandfather of the present writer, "Silver-tongued Bushe," afterwards Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, whose description as "Incorruptible" in Barrington's well-known list of bribes and rewards, has always been regarded by his numerous great-grandchildren as a most precious family possession. Having this hereditary interest in the last Irish Houses of Parliament, as well as that other interest which every Constitutional Nationalist Irishman must feel, I received with very mixed feelings the wholly unexpected invitation to form a member of a body which came nearer to being an Irish Parliament than anything else which has sat in this country for something like a century and a quarter. The proceedings of the Convention were private ; they were fenced around by the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act—a measure which during the latter days of the Convention seemed to fall, as far as we were concerned, somewhat into disuse. No official shorthand note was taken of the speeches. This was the decision of the Convention itself ; and it is one to be regretted, for it deprives the outside world of reading matter of the very highest excellence and eloquence. All who sat through the discussions will admit that they reached and maintained a very high level ; and, as he is, to our irreparable loss, no more with us, I may be permitted to say that no one who heard them is ever likely to forget at least two great speeches made by that lamented leader, John Redmond.

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Future generations, if they are interested in the matter, will have to rely upon the copious notes of speeches (doubtless made by others as well as by the present writer) when they have been disinterred from the diaries and despatch-boxes in which they now repose. In what follows there is no raising of the curtain of privacy which veiled and veils the proceedings of the Convention. But a few personal impressions may not be out of place ; and a few elucidations of the Report may even be useful. Elucidations ; for, though everybody might find out these things from the Report, it is not a very easy document to follow ; and it was above all things *infelix opportunitate sua*, for its author, the Prime Minister, did his best, not without considerable success, to slay his own offspring by bringing it before the public at the same moment as the other and much less acceptable bantling, Irish Con-scription.

Nearly twelve months have elapsed since the Irish Convention came into being. It will be remembered that the proposition to set up such a body was one of two alternatives placed before the Irish Members of Parliament, and was that chosen by Mr. Redmond. The Convention was not received with any extravagant expressions of gratitude by the people of Ireland, who were not slow to point out that it was in no true sense a representative body, responsible to the public, but rather the creation of an English Ministry. Whilst this accusation was in part just, it ought not to pass without some comment. In the first place, unrepresentative as it was, it was yet far more representative of the country than the Irish Parliament which effected its own dissolution, or than any Irish Parliament that ever sat. It contained a majority of members belonging to the Catholic Church, whereas the older body was rigidly confined to Protestants, then and now a small minority in the country. It contained also Presbyterians and members of other bodies ineligible for election when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. True, the members of the Irish Convention were invited to sit by the British Government ; but the majority had

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already been selected for public positions, whether in Parliament, in County or City Councils or elsewhere. They might reasonably be looked upon as at least as representative as a vast number of the members of the last Irish House, whose positions therein depended wholly either upon Government or upon the private proprietors of the various and numerous seats which, in Ireland, corresponded to the Old Sarums in England.

Anyone who is curious enough can ascertain from the Report precisely what the views of all the members were ; and this may be added, that whilst the Sinn Fein and All for Ireland organizations refused to send representatives to the Convention, there were amongst its members some who were in complete touch with one or the other organization, their views being thus represented in the assembly. The final choice of our meeting-place in that noble apartment, the Senate House in Trinity College, was, from the historic point of view, an admirable one. Situated over the main entrance to the College, its windows on one side looked over College Green to the former Houses of Parliament, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, but soon, it is to be hoped, to revert to their original purpose. By the way, may I advert for a moment to the odd mistake made by one of our legislators, of stating that Irishmen look forward to the restoration of their former Parliament in *Stephen's Green*. As well might a writer, deploring a lost English Parliament, utter prayers for its resuscitation in West Kensington. The incident is not without value as illustrative of the knowledge possessed of our country by those who make its laws.

The windows on the other side of our meeting-place looked into one of the quadrangles of the College known as Parliament Square, a title due to this portion of the buildings having been largely paid for by grants from the Irish Parliament at a time when, as Barrington points out in his *Recollections*, no useful project for the advancement of Ireland ever lacked money from public sources and when the grant was made without any undue calls upon the tax-payer. But with much to recommend it, our

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meeting-place had one fatal defect. Acoustically it was as bad a room as man ever spoke in. Some of us, remembering it as the scene of debates in our undergraduate days, were well aware of this fact, but I do not think that any of us had quite realized how bad it really was. At the beginning of our sittings it was almost impossible to hear anyone ; and it looked as if the Convention would have to migrate. Then some genius connected with the Board of Works hung sheets of canvas in rows like the gills of a fish from the ceiling. The scenic effect was something between Petticoat Lane and a spring-cleaning. The acoustical properties were improved ; but they remained very bad.

In these quarters the members endured the stress of fifty-one meetings, each lasting for the greater part of each day ; and as the room was always either revoltingly stuffy or impossibly draughty, "endure" seems to be the proper word to use. The attendance, as the Report shows, was extraordinarily good, and it may be added was not that sort of attendance which consists in "marking-in" and then adjourning to the smoking-room, for a smoking-room we were civilized enough to have. The overwhelming majority of the members sat out the debates from start to finish. Such endurance surely should have borne some fruit. I myself think that it did ; and I venture to offer the following remarks in support of this view. It is an unpopular view, for it seems to be very commonly supposed that the Convention was a complete failure ; an absolute waste of time ; an intentional and foreseen waste of time some argue—I am convinced quite incorrectly.

When it came together I doubt whether anyone but that high-priest of optimism, our Chairman, ever expected a unanimous "agreed" report. What most people looked forward to was a sheaf of reports representing the different and well-known shades of Irish opinion. What, perhaps, no one ever expected was the kind of sheaf of reports which actually did issue from the Convention. As Sir Horace Plunkett points out in his covering letter to the Report, there is no such thing as a Majority Report,



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though there are several documents representing the views of minorities of one kind or another. The findings of the Convention as set forth in the account of its proceedings *are* the majority report. True, the majority was not always the same on each question raised. There was always one stable minority which voted against everything proposed with the exception of the Land Purchase, Imperial Contribution, and Town Housing resolutions; and that minority was the solid Ulster Phalanx. This continuous opposition led to curious inconsistencies, as they must appear to the ordinary observer. To take an early example, the first clause in the "Conclusions," after stating that there shall be an Irish Parliament, goes on to lay down that notwithstanding its establishment or anything laid down in the Act of 1914, "the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things in Ireland and every part thereof." Subjoined to this will be found the following statement: "Section carried by 51 votes to 18" (Division List, No. 6).

Here I can well suppose that the unsuspecting reader of the Report will have said to himself: "Of course those eighteen voters were wild Fenians who refuse to permit England or the Empire to have any say in Irish Affairs." If any such reader will take the trouble to refer to Division List, No. 6, and to ascertain from the official list what the politics of those voting were, he will discover with some astonishment that, without exception, the recalcitrant minority who would have none of the clause was derived from Ulster, and consisted of those who are loudest in proclaiming themselves sons of the Empire. The majority of fifty-one, on the other hand, contained all the Nationalists present and voting. The explanation is, of course, quite simple. The policy of what calls itself Ulster, though it is really only a part of that Province, was to vote against everything proposed; and that policy was steadily and continuously pursued. With such a policy on the part of any section—a policy which included that of no concessions or compromise—no hope of general agreement

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was possible. There was a proposition put forward by the Belfast party as their solution of the problem, no doubt ; but it was put forward with the knowledge on their part no less than on that of all the other sections, that it had not the remotest chance of being accepted as anything approaching a solution either inside or outside the Convention. With such a state of affairs, complete success was impossible ; but it may at least be recorded that, contrary to the expectations of many people, persons widely differing from one another in views did actually sit together and debate the national affairs for some eight months with perfect freedom of utterance, yet without the slightest breach of courtesy or even of friendship, as a paragraph in the Ulster Unionist Minority Report very fairly points out. As to those outside the Ulster ring—it should really be called the Belfast ring—there was a majority and a minority separated from one another by only one question, a question of great importance no doubt, though less so, some may think, than would appear from the length of time which the Convention occupied in discussing it, and this was the question of Customs. On this matter there were three definite opinions. The Southern Unionists so-called, that is those Unionists who did not belong to the Belfast area or organization, were prepared to give up all their former views and accept an Irish Parliament with wider powers than ever previously proposed, *but* with no control over Customs. It was an extraordinary—and a most generous—advance on the part of men who, like Lord Midleton, and the Protestant Archbishop Bernard of Dublin, had been lifelong opponents of any form of Home Government, but who had come to see that changed conditions must sometimes compel changes of opinions. So generous was their concession, and so important did their support appear to a majority of the Nationalist and Labour representatives, that they were willing to postpone the settlement of the Customs question (as indeed were the Southern Unionists) to the period after the war. At the same time they made it abundantly plain that Ireland should ultimately

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have the full control of her Customs as well as of all other sources of taxation. This opinion they set down in one of the sectional reports. The minority of the Nationalist party, containing names of great importance, held that the immediate settlement of the question of Customs, and a definite legislative enactment that their control should pass to the Irish Government as soon as peace was made, was a matter of such outstanding importance that it was better to stand by their view even to the alienation of the Southern Unionists and practically the collapse of the Convention. I do not propose to argue, but merely to state, the position. The majority of the Convention was then composed of the first two of the sections already mentioned. Let us see how it was made up. We can do so best by studying the final and crucial Division List, No. 52. "That the Report as a whole be adopted," is the proposition carried by 44 votes to 29.

That majority of forty-four contained all the so-called Southern Unionists; five out of the six Labour representatives; and a majority of the Nationalists, including all the Nationalist M.P.'s present and voting. The minority consisted of a large preponderance of Belfast representatives who refused to consent to any kind of Home Government worthy of the name, coupled with whom were a small band of Nationalists who could not see their way to any compromise on the question of Customs. In a word, it consisted of those who thought that the majority of the Convention was asking far too much, and of others who thought it was content with too little. This vote then brought into the same lobby, so to speak, two utterly irreconcilable bodies of opinion.

That the majority was a very remarkable combination of men will thus be conceded by anyone who studies the Division Lists. It contained the names of men who had for long years stood on different platforms denouncing one another's political opinions in every mood and tense, yet who were now prepared to come together and make a reasonable compromise. If ever that central, moderate party towards which, as towards some almost impossible

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city of dreams, the eyes of many have been directed, is ever to arise and become articulate (it is there though it is almost unrecognized), from some such combination as this must it spring. Some might be found to say that it has actually arisen. The writer of these comments does not pretend to be, nor desire to be, a politician. But as the Report has received neither attention from Parliament nor explanation from that "transient phantom" who has escaped—amidst unanimous congratulations—from the troubles of the Chief Secretaryship to the quietude of the Judicial Bench, these few observations may serve to clear away misunderstandings as to a part of its procedure and certain not impossible good results.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

### III

## BURNT-OFFERINGS

**R**ATHER than disrupt the Empire, or play sabotage with the political machine, the Irish Party for a decade before the war bore the burden of the day in Parliament patiently and even phlegmatically. They voted and toiled on behalf of the King's Government, which happened to be Radical, until they themselves seemed a Conservative force in politics. They said their say indeed; but there were no scenes comparable to those of an Austrian session. Anything offensive to British Imperialism was checked. The polite policy of the Irish Party seemed to be that small nations ought to be seen, but not heard. Any violent exposition of Nationalism was deprecated in consideration of the Imperialists, and any particular brilliance was discouraged in view of the well-known suspicion felt for such by the Liberals. It was due to this tendency chiefly that Tom Kettle left the House, for which he was admirably fitted, to take a University Chair, for which he cared little.

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Nevertheless, whether the personnel were brilliant or not, the Party's most brilliant years were those of the decade preceding the War. Had it been an ordinary party he led, John Redmond's leadership would have been considered all that was proper, all that was constitutional, and all that was successful. He was the ideal Chairman, courteous, understanding and faithful to the humblest follower. To his own leader, Parnell, he had been faithful in his time almost unto political death. But he was fond of saying "I am no Parnell," and he refused to interfere with the selections made by localities for membership of the House, thereby doing injustice both to his leadership and to the quality of his Party. Once only he spoke without consulting his followers; and that was on the momentous occasion when he committed Ireland to the war. A Parnellite, he made himself as unlike Parnell as possible. Whereas Parnell acted as a *roi fainéant*, absenting himself from his party and country for weeks, Redmond made punctuality his rôle. When Parnell carried on without counsel or care of his party, Redmond made it little less than a kind of democratic Cabinet. When, in the crisis of his career, Parnell made known that he cared only to stand by Ireland's judgment, Redmond, in his most fateful speech, made Irish opinion subordinate to England's policy. Redmond, the Constitutionalist, the Catholic, and the Chairman of a small nation, ratified the English declaration of war on Germany. That his Party followed him in a detached, rather than an exuberant, fashion was a matter of disappointment to him; and Ireland's eventual attitude set between him and a multitude of the Irish people a mutual unforgiveness. He had taken the most difficult of historical curves, and hostile hands were stretched out to make the gradient harder to him. Whether by British officials or by his own dissentient countrymen, he was refused, thwarted, foiled and finally thrown down in bitterness and brokenness of heart. When Redmond bade the Government withdraw their troops from Ireland, he was gambling with high phrases and noble possibilities.

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And he lost. Kitchener informed him that he could not accept his offer. But he added that if Redmond gave him three thousand recruits he would say, "Thank you," and, in the case of five thousand, he would even add, "Well done!"

The true significance and spirituality of Redmond's offer was lost on everybody in office with opportunity to act. Here was a war for small nationalities, and here was the proffer of a small nation's sword, better than any other propaganda in the eyes of America and the world. Redmond had refused to bargain. He offered Ireland's sword without receiving Home Rule on its tip. Yet had he been so minded he could have bargained. More than the word of any other single man in the world England needed Redmond's approval and allegiance to the principle underlying England's crusade. Only one man was in the position to give the United Kingdom the appearance of unity in face of the war. And that word Redmond spoke. He took his chances like every man who has essayed a leader's part. There was the chance that England would fail to grasp his position, the chance that it would be a long war. Above all, Ireland is Chance herself. Chance, but not honour, failed him. Supreme and enlightened statesmen would have paid the politician's fee in return for Redmond's sacrifice. But that was not to be; and tragic events demanded a burnt-offering from the Irish Party.

Redmond had sounded the European note, and neither the Cabinet nor his own Party could echo it except as it seemed to affect their personal interest and position. The Cabinet went their way blindly indifferent, under the soporific of a sentence from Sir Edward Grey, which was regarded as the epitaph of the Irish question. The Party went on in a state of passive bewilderment, while a few made desperate and noble efforts to bridge the growing stream between their leader and the Irish people. But after the first recruiting enthusiasm had been quenched in the puzzling futility of the War Office, it was only a matter of time for that stream of suspicion to broaden



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into a gulf. To plunge into that gulf one Irish Curtius after another was needed. As the war dragged on, each year claimed a further offering from the Irish Party—Tom Kettle in 1916, Major William Redmond in 1917, and in this year of grace John Redmond himself.

Kettle was the stormy petrel of Irish intellectualism. He was interested in the Gaelic revival, but it was too much with the past to possess his mind. He could not rest his soul in antiquarianism, and he took flight beyond the stale anti-clericalism which sometimes passes for enlightenment of thought in Ireland. He was the Dubliner of the new century, passing from direct convalescence of the old Irish malady into the acuter and severer *mal de siècle*. He was a pessimist in philosophy and an optimist in politics: an optimist in his famous programme for Ireland—"of Home Rule and the Ten Commandments in equal parts." With this he coupled the really daring counsel to Ireland to become more Irish by becoming European. At the outbreak of the war he appealed to England to treat Ireland as an Irish nation, and Ireland to regard herself as part of the European Continent. It was the only solution. Nationality was the only way to make Ireland international. Kettle himself had dallied with foreign writers in preference to Gaelic poets. He had plunged into Schopenhauer and Nietzsche with equal delight and defiance. He had called attention to Otto Effertz, Gentleman Socialist, and he wrote the delightful introduction to the translation of Dubois' *Contemporary Ireland*. "It is the French who have come closest to the secret of Ireland," he wrote. He followed the International Socialists to Stuttgart in 1907, and the Young Egyptians to Geneva two years later. He followed them with a mixture of languor, interest, and amused approval. He found that International Socialism was "unexpectedly human, human above all in its fundamental mistake"; while the violence of the Egyptians "consisted merely in saying what every Englishman has heartily said with Simon de Montfort and Hampden and Locke and John Stuart Mill." But he took the Labour



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disturbances in Dublin seriously. He saw more clearly than Redmond the tremendous import of all that was going on under the surface, and he knew that Parliamentarism was not sufficient to cover the seething trail of the Dublin Strike—"if there is peace in Dublin, it is the peace of industrial anæmia." As Professor of Economics in the new National University his heart grew grey with forebodings. He wrote words in this REVIEW that were recapitulatory of the Strike, but prophetic of the Rising two years later. "There was something Byronic about the Dublin struggle; it taught us little, but we undoubtedly felt it, like a thunder roll. No note of the whole scale of melodrama was absent . . . nationalism and internationalism, diplomacy and war, the catastrophic method and the gradual, dictatorship and democracy, and one knows not how many other great ideas, were clashed against one another in arbitrary and hopeless antithesis . . . secret councils, processions, amazing perorations, epigrams that were veritable wads of gun-cotton, disguises, slayings, arrests, and escapes."

Kettle's happiest days had been in Parliament, where, though he was always contemplating resignation, he was none the less resigned to passing days which gave unending interest to his essentially political mind. His speeches were a keen delight to his audience, but a nervous pain to himself, the opposite of what is usually the case. Less happy were his Professorial days, though he became a lodestone in a way he had never been before to all with a mind to share his subtleties, despairs, and hazards of intellect. He seemed destined to fulfil a vital but never quite attainable part in Irish life, to effect reconciliations that Destiny had long determined should never be. He alone could have united the older generation in the Party with the new Ireland, whose needs and dreams he clearly perceived. If Young Ireland was to have a Banneret, it could only have been he. Through his own restiveness he was aware of the restlessness of the young men about him, and of the necessity of supplying them with a place in the National movement before they chose one outside it

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for themselves. He became the first President of the Young Ireland Branch of the United Irish League, a keen thrust at fate ; and he became chairman of the committee which endeavoured to establish peace during the Dublin Strike, again treading between the meshes of Destiny in the effort to bring together threads that the Inexorable Shears had already divided. However much his soul was vexed by the petty ferocity that all local issues in Ireland assume, he still strove to draw international parallels and morals. He was always hopeful of Ireland because he knew that in actual human happiness and spirituality the European continent had still to learn of her. Disillusion he declined: "A wise man soon grows disillusioned of disillusionment. Cynicism is in life the last treachery," was his ripe teaching.

His saddest days, though the most intense, followed the outbreak of the war, as he strove to keep the issues of the war and of Nationalism in harmony. Deeply as he loved Ireland, he owed his debt to Europe, and he was unwilling that western civilization should be wrung from its hinges without some protest from Irishmen. He made some such protest himself in ink, and later in blood. Young Ireland did not follow him *en masse* into the Trenches ; but he never felt he had made a mistake, believing that his name and memory would yet be of shield and service to his fellow-countrymen. The Rising gave him the opportunity to utter propitiatory words on behalf of those who had not listened to his appeal. The sorrow and ruin, which he had foreseen but had been unable to prevent, smote Dublin. Chaos and the writhing recriminations of Irish History broke out in the minds of men. After he had proffered evidence in favour of John MacNeill, at his court-martial, Kettle felt he could do no more ; and, when the wild words of the people he loved rose in the air, he decided the time had come to die. With Major Redmond he was not sorry to pass from the Irish scene to France, from misery and madness and malice into the clean though calamitous winds of war. To his sensitive nature, death in France must have seemed

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sweeter than continuing to live in a Dublin that, for his generation, must remain haunted piteously by the memories of what might have been. With a clear conscience and a smiling bitterness and a high heart he put away the shams and splendours of Irish life, and betook himself to France. There he wrote his last poem, thought his last thought of Ireland, made his *beau geste*, and died. Out of the shadow he cried : " In the name, and by the seal, of the blood given in the last two years I ask for Colonial Home Rule for Ireland, a thing essential in itself and essential as a prologue to the reconstruction of the Empire. Ulster will agree. And I ask for the immediate withdrawal of martial law in Ireland and an amnesty for all Sinn Fein prisoners. If this war has taught us anything, it is that great things can be done only in a great way." The prisoners were liberated, but Kettle was dead before he knew that his plea had not been in vain. He was the first-fruit of the blood-offering by which the bewildered yet hopeful Irish Party were endeavouring to live up to their leader's high-spoken resolve at the opening of the war. Kettle died for the immediate honour of the Irish Party, and for the distant glory of Ireland ; for, as he realized and wrote with pathetic grief, Ireland at the time needed not his love. Yet no man understood the gracious side of patriotism as opposed to the political better than Kettle. Never was *Patrie* more movingly described than as " that native place of yours, where, as you now remember, the water was more cordial than wine and the women sweeter than angels." It was a rendering of the homely Parish Pump into the terms of the Greek epigram.

Of Death, too, he had thought and written in the Greek manner. " There is only one journey, as it seems to me, in this inweaving of parables and facts, in which we attain our ideal of going away and going home at the same time. Death normally encountered has all the attractions of suicide without any of its horrors." He asked for himself only " good lines and a timely exit in the fifth act." Untimely he was swept away, but his lines,

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like all he left written, were well chosen, and nobly uttered unto the end. With a mute misgiving his friends watched him. Then they broke into a plaintive regret as though something splendidly incomplete had ceased, as though a rising career had been roughly abraded in the bud. Yet he had completed many careers. He had lived ahead of all his generation in Ireland, and many, who survive him, will not have caught him up before they die. He had lived one life as a steadfast Nationalist, a discontented Irishman, and he had brought another to a close as a satisfied, almost surfeited, European. He had enjoyed a lifetime of pessimisms and cynicisms, and he had died a penitent Catholic. He was the European Irishman brought into existence before his time, which should normally have been the time after self-government and self-determination had given Irishmen the excuse to discard the over-emphasizing of an Irish Ireland in the joy that a European country had been reborn. He was no Demagogue any more than he was an Imperialist, no more Revolutionary than Tory. He was the citizen who would always prefer to defend the idea of the State than remain in perpetual antagonism to the Government. As he cried aloud to the Young Ireland Branch of the United Irish League in 1905: "The State is the name by which we call the great human conspiracy against hunger and cold, against loneliness and ignorance, the State is the foster-mother and warden of the arts, of love, of comradeship, of all that redeems from despair that strange adventure which we call human life."

Another year of war had passed, and another offering was needed. Perhaps, with the second failure of the Government to seize an opportunity and the stubborn suspicion which had overcast the country, Major William Redmond felt that it was needed in his person. He seems to have courted death with a generous foreboding that it would avail his brother and his brother's party. Except for Kitchener's, no single death went further abroad than his. From New York to Melbourne it struck a note which should even then have discovered to the Cabinet that

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there was an Irish harpstring hidden in the rough sinews of Empire, which it only needed a cunning hand to strike to epical strain. The gentle finger of France was not encouraged to touch the instrument from which she had so often in her history drawn the wild rapture of War. It was left to the clumsy thumb of Berlin, if of anywhere, to press with inharmonious result. In spite of the misadventures of a few, the Irish National movement remained non-German in every aspect that is essential. Accidentally, Sinn Fein may be read as a comfort to the Teuton; but Sinn Fein is a double-edged tool, and wherever there is a small nation in Europe it must work its way like rust under imperial rivets.

These three Irishmen had the imagination to throw their all on the board. And John Redmond was stranded between the unimaginative feebleness of the Government and the savagery of sorrow which swept through Ireland after the Rising. There the old leader stood and stumbled, prayed and pleaded, a spectacle unto the gods of the Celt and, indeed, to all political mankind. Even so, he had not lost so great a chance as England. Before the year had passed over his brother's death his own summons had come. He died as he sadly recorded of himself, a broken-hearted man. Yet those who serve Ireland have always found that if her service is bitterer than death, it is also sweeter than life.

SHANE LESLIE.

## MR. KNOX'S APOLOGIA\*

THE recent, formidable tendency of society to appropriate and absorb the life of the individual, which has been so inevitably aggravated by the conditions of modern warfare, may not altogether improbably be connected in its origin with the unrestrained habit of introspective analysis which characterized much prominent literature in the last decades before the war. Henry James operating among the Intelligenza, the Master of Magdalene among the Sentimentalists, Mr. Wells among the villa-dwellers, inculcated by their several methods the practice of self-observation until the melancholy reflection that men are but little better than flies upon the wheel of Destiny was obscured by the interest of a detached study of creatures at once so fragile and so subtly fashioned as ourselves. Self-analysis and self-revelation became thenceforward a work of merit; the reserves and reticences of the Nineteenth Century were broken down; individuals contributed to the common stock of biological or psychological investigations their slight fragment of the history of the race, stripping themselves naked, almost for the pleasure of it, in the new scientific temper, whilst Mr. Shaw stood by tearing away the last absurdities of clothing with a frightful unconcern. Human beings, gifted with transcendent passions of remorse and aspiration, had been pretty successfully reduced to social phenomena.

Mr. Knox's apologia, though in some ways a proof that the mood is passing, is also a proof that the mood has been. The firm statement of the opening sentence that the book is a religious biography is almost instantly balanced and excused by the suggestion that it should be regarded as "autobiology"; and the writer makes no concealment of his desire to capture a fast-fading outlook on things before this has become subject to all the strange treacheries of reminiscence. To some minds the excuse will appear a graver offence than the supposed misdemeanour. Yet

\* *A Spiritual Æneid*, by R. A. Knox, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. (Longmans.)

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the curious detail, the queer illustrations, the droll flippancies which sustain the autobiographical pretext, are, in the same sort of way that a light cynicism becomes the natural shield of the worldly-wise idealist, the obvious defence of a young man with great things to say but things easier to be said later in life. The charge of taking conversion too lightly is in our times at least a gauntlet less formidable to run than that of taking oneself too seriously. Beneath the surface the book is instinct with meaning and purpose, possesses a real as well as an artistic unity, and is far from being some crude or commonplace or fanciful fragment torn from experience and thrust upon the world without a key. It is the story of a voyage rounded to a conclusion, of a traveller who leaves for ever familiar shores, and sets sail, not knowing whither he goes, and braves the ocean, and takes strange soundings, essays rash landings, and at last reaches harbour. Not, however, a harbour known to him, like that attained by the wanderer to Ithaca, but one to which a transcendental guidance leads him and in which only with the eye of the soul does he recognize his true and abiding home. Therefore the books furnish the matter of an *Æneid*. Troy stands for "undisturbed and in a sense unreflective religion . . . The Greeks are the doubts which overthrow it. The miniature Troy of Helenus is the effort to reconstruct that religion exactly as it was. Carthage is any false goal that, for a time, seems to claim finality. And Rome is Rome."

The journey may be said to begin in that Trojan citadel of Anglican orthodoxy, where the flower of English gentlemen are first admitted into their rich inheritance of good form and good feeling; to which by a provoking incongruity Henry VI, instead of Henry V, stands patron; and whose paradisaical bliss, according to the poet's injunction, thought is not readily allowed to disturb, much less to destroy. The boy, bred in a strait sect of the Evangelicals, is initiated at Eton into the comfortable doctrine of public school religion; and it is in describing this form of faith that the author's pen first discloses its



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properties—that subtle measure and delicacy in the use of words, reminiscent of Newman, which is so formidable because so unassuming and so unadorned :

I think (says Mr. Knox) it should be said at the outset that public schools are trying to teach the sons of gentlemen a religion in which their mothers believe, and their fathers would like to : a religion without “ enthusiasm ” in the old sense, reserved in its self-expression, calculated to reinforce morality, chivalry and the sense of truth, providing comfort in times of distress and a glow of contentment in declining years ; supernatural in its nominal doctrines, yet on the whole rationalistic in its mode of approaching God : tolerant of other people's tenets, yet sincere about its own, regular in church-going, generous to charities, ready to put up with the defects of the local clergyman.

And then again take this :

Anglicanism, generally speaking, is not a system of religion nor a body of truth, but a feeling, a tradition, its roots intertwined with associations of national history and of family life ; you do not learn it, you grow into it ; you do not forget it, you grow out of it.

The truth, as the trenchant pen goes on to point out, is that thought is as destructive to the religious as Gray supposed it destructive to the secular paradise of the public school :

. . . Although the Anglicanism of Hooker and the Laudian divines, based carefully on Scripture and tradition, was capable of being worked out as a system . . . the Anglicanism of to-day, except where it is expounded by people definitely under the influence of the Oxford Movement, simply does not possess enough of fixed background to allow of its being intelligently yet authoritatively taught.

And even where it is so expounded ! A boy, to whom at Eton that advantage fell, can still recall his tutor's suggestion that he should sound his father as to what cast of sacramental doctrine should be taught him before his confirmation—can recall it not the less well because the inquiry was dexterously met with the cryptic Elizabethan quatrain :

He was the Word that spake it.  
He took the bread and brake it.  
And what that Word doth make it  
That I believe and take it.



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The Church of England had obviously no mind on the matter. In the particular circumstances one English gentleman naturally desired to defer to what another English gentleman believed, and the other as naturally preferred to profess the religion of all sensible men.

So, perhaps, Mr. Knox is not in error in contending that the average English boy's religion is so embedded in and circumscribed by that least catholic of things—the school-chapel—that when the soul comes at last to self-consciousness at the University, and a theology becomes imperative, the structure of faith is seen for what it is, falls away gradually into kindly remembrance, to perish at last altogether in the uncongenial atmosphere of the parish church or before the unsympathetic ministrations of the parish clergyman :

A boy brought up at Downside finds himself at home in a hideous little mission church full of gimcrack images because his religion has taught him to fly to the centre of things and neglect the differences of external circumstances ; the Anglican has let his religious ideas be bound up with accidental conditions and local associations, and, though now and again a familiar chant may bring a lump into his throat, those conditions and those associations are not reproduced in the trim Mobraism of St. Matthias' Wherever-it-is. The Catholic knows a priest for a priest ; despises the man, it may be, but acknowledges his office whatever his lack of personal attractions. The Anglican boy has very likely looked up to one particular schoolmaster as an oracle, drawn inspiration from him, and even " talked things over " with him ; but the public-school-and-university man he sees officiating at St. Matthias' is not the sort of man with whom he wants to talk things over.

Mr. Knox's description of life at Balliol has an interest beyond the religious one. He saw in some of its latest, in some, perhaps, of its most brilliant hours the swift, confident endeavour of those who were the *jeunesse dorée* of our time, to possess the earth, to snatch from it during that brief day in which the *élan vital* of society abode with them, all that a lavish prodigality of mind and body could give in the way of sensation, physical, intellectual

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and even spiritual. Was it some common premonition of coming fate that drove them on? Or was it, whilst the Fates were conspiring to give a demonstration on the widest scale of the passion and mystery of the world and of man's childlike helplessness to contain these volcanic fires, just the puny effort of a new generation of men, passing rich in every sense but one, to bring to birth a new society which should spring mature into being like Athene from the head of Jove and be at length the captain of its soul. Here, at any rate, was Carthage:

Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam  
Miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum  
Instant ardentes Tyrii . . .

Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura  
Exercet sub sole labor . . .

Fervet opus redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.\*

Mr. Knox describes only the intellectual side of this vast activity—the nightly symposia, the ‘suppers of the gods,’ the endless meetings of clubs and societies, the round of engagements, the ‘riot of discussion,’ the inexhaustible curiosity, the everlasting hide and seek with the obvious. Some of us who have touched this phase of life can picture it all without an effort—a thing the like of which will be seen no more in our time, nor, perhaps, in the times that come after us. Compare it—it is not so very different—with La Harpe’s fancy-portrait of a dinner in 1788 at the close of the *ancien régime*, when a prophet suddenly interrupts the guests, busily at work upon the reconstruction of society, by telling this one that he will take poison in a dungeon to avoid the executioner, that one that he will open his veins, the next that he will perish on the scaffold. Or give a more individual twist to the kaleido-

\* “Æneas marvels at the mass of building, once a mere village of huts; marvels at the gates and the civic din and the paved ways. The Tyrians are alive and on fire . . . Such are the toils that keep the commonwealth of bees at work in the sun among the flowery meads when summer is new . . . The work is all fire, and a scent of thyme breathes from the fragrant honey” (*Æn.* I. 421, *seq.* Conington’s translation.)

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scope, and think of Armand de Rancé, looking back from La Trappe upon the brilliant court life which he had known so well. No narrower gulf will lie between some few survivors of our generation and the gay and graceful world which gave joy to their youth. Yet Virgil will still walk beside them as they revisit old, familiar haunts :

Principio muros obscuraque limina portæ  
Qua gressum extuleram, repeto et vestigia retro  
Observata sequor per noctem et lumine lustrō :  
Horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Within the precincts, or at least the purlieus, of Oxford University, many varieties of Anglican experience are to be had for the asking. Bunyan, had he chanced to come there, might have complained that in this section of Vanity Fair much ecclesiastical foppery was practised, and that Religion went about strangely garbed and in all kind of vestments, every man adorning himself according to his own fancy. This would have been but crude observation. Mr. Knox tells us that a bicycle and a summer holiday on the road enabled his practised eye to study finer shades of ecclesiastical observance in the Church of England than even Oxford afforded. One broad distinction suffices, however, for the understanding of this side of his narrative. The movement was, one might say, from Cowley to Caldey—from the Gothic architecture and avowedly static, anti-Roman teaching of the one towards the Renaissance colouring and dynamic doctrine of the other. The Caldey school had discovered that the Church, as distinct from her members, is a living soul, bringing forth from her treasure-house things new as well as old, that her present vitality does not spring from some dim memory of her primitive past, that her raiment and the setting of her jewels change from age to age ; but they were only in the way to discover that the

\* "First I repair again to the city walls, and the gate's dark entry by which I had passed out. I track and follow my footsteps back through the night and traverse the ground with my eye. Everywhere my sense is scared by the horror, scared by the very stillness" (*Æn.* II. 752, *seq.* Conington).

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implication of these things is the Holy See. Under such influences the traveller tells us that little by little he shifted direction until, as the vision of a revived pre-Reformation Church faded away, he found himself in the company of "people who definitely belonged to the Maximalist wing of the Oxford Movement, laid great stress on Latin, as opposed to mediæval accessories of worship, disavowed the tacit truce which had come to exist between us and the Bishops since the last ritual persecutions, insisted that modern 'Roman' devotions were the only means of touching the hearts of an indifferent nation, assigned willingly to Peter the primacy of the Church, and only differed as to how much more was due to him." To raise one's eyes to the Seven Hills and to seek reunion with Rome, not vaguely nor in the distant future, but by calculated imitation and present advances, was clearly to initiate the concluding phase of the Oxford Movement. "I regarded the Church of England," says Mr. Knox, speaking of the daily use of the Breviary, "as a section of the Latin Church."

The ship was now plainly coasting along the shores of Latium, but Mr. Knox had no intention of landing without his comrades. The "Maximalist" programme was corporate. When circumstances favoured, at their own time and on their own terms, the Neo-Anglicans would disembark at Ostia all together. Thus the interest of the last part of the story lies in the gradual detachment of the traveller from the bulk of his shipmates, until at last, at the bidding of the Divine Voice, he casts himself upon the waters and is presently at the haven where he would be.

It is at this point that the story becomes markedly reminiscent of the *Apologia* in style and in significance, and not a little in circumstances also. The publication in 1912 of a volume of essays by Oxford Broad Churchmen, under the title of *Foundations*, is the antitype of Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, and the Kikuyu controversy of 1913 of the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric in 1841. Such occurrences are indeed invariably treated too seriously by contemporary opinion. Their importance

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arises, not as people suppose at the time, from the presence in them of some obnoxious novelty, but from the fact that they disclose to a new generation of men certain underlying tendencies in the Church of England which have hitherto passed unperceived. The two incidents alluded to drew from Mr. Knox in turn what are by common consent the two most brilliant satires of our time. *Absolute and Abitofhell* is a poem in the manner of Dryden, *Reunion all round* an essay in the manner of Swift. The one ridicules the personnel of the Oxford Latitudinarians, the other reduces to an absurdity the doctrines of universal toleration which the Kikuyu controversy had brought to the surface of society. Between these intervened a serious reply to *Foundations*, under the title of *Some Loose Stones*.

These publications were as the records of the ship's log, but there were other soundings and winds and currents and musings upon the deep such as turn the minds of seamen Godwards, which found no mention there. In the far distance at the beginning of the journey, in the Eton period, lay the memory of two books, of Monsignor Benson's *Light Invisible* and of the romance of which Benson once quaintly said to me, that the world might be divided into two classes of people—those who could appreciate *John Inglesant* and those who could not. Then, as the sentiment of mystic loyalty thus aroused had begun to demand both intellectual expression and practical guidance, the inevitable question of authority had tortured the mind. An Anglican bishop in the last analysis had seemed to be no more than a legal functionary, not susceptible of identification with the mind of the Church. Where, then, was wisdom to be found? Emotional experience, even if available, did not seem to be in point; an *a priori* philosophy alone satisfied the requirements; and "there was no such bully as a logical mind." Now the test of the catholicity of the English Church had for some while seemed to be its capacity ultimately to reunite with Rome; and the Kikuyu Conference, where an exchange of pulpits with the Free Churches and the admission of

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Free Churchmen to Anglican communions were agreed upon, seemed to disavow any vital distinction between that Church and Nonconformity.

Upon a mind thus situated fell suddenly the shadow of the war. Dean Church says somewhere that there will be no more anxious consideration on our death-beds than as to how we have behaved towards that which came to us with the signs and claims of Truth. Among those of Mr. Knox's friends who found themselves face to face with the contingency of sudden death were some who shared this sentiment; and the Archbishop of Canterbury's diplomatic and indecisive action in the Kikuyu case gave them cause to reconsider their religious position. More than one friend passed into the Catholic Church before he passed out to the battlefield, leaving a trail of doubt behind for the friend who remained in England and in the Church of England. "What sort of Church was this which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven?" the traveller asked himself. A brother's first celebration forced the growing doubt into still higher relief. What if, after all, the elaborate ceremonial were a sham, the service a parody, the minister no priest, the Host something other than the Saving Victim? To those who believe in a particular providence, what the world calls the chances of life are no chances at all. A casual meeting with a Catholic priest at Hickleton seemed full of significance. But this Jesuit, unlike the Jesuit of Protestant romance, appeared to turn his back upon the opportunity of a conversion. To doubt the truth of Anglicanism, he pointed out, was not to be ready to receive the faith of the Church.

Then came the concluding phases. It appears to be the singular fate of Salmon's brilliantly-written book on the Infallibility of the Church to be prescribed by people who recoil with horror from the notion of deriving their religious beliefs from an authority that claims to be infallible, for people who are wholly unable to conceive the point of deriving them from an authority that claims to be anything less. Salmon maintains that a belief in the infallibility of the Church is not a whit less absurd than

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a belief in the infallibility of the Pope. If this be the case, there appear to be only two courses open to a judicious mind, either to be quit of all churches altogether and to think by oneself, or else to consider whether after all the Papal claims are really unreasonable. Mr. Knox took the latter course. Then came Milman with that observation of such rebounding properties about the astuteness of the Bishop of Rome in selecting the finally victorious side in the early controversies of faith. "It had never occurred to me before," comments Mr. Knox in this connection, "that what we mean when we talk of the Catholic party is the party in which the Bishop of Rome was, and nothing else."

Amidst a growing sense of isolation, Virgil alone remained faithful:—

Nec jam amplius ullæ

Apparent terræ, maria undique, et undique cælum.

Catholics are not likely to forget as one of the strangest and most touching instances of the *sortes virgilianæ*, Mr. Knox's description of the sudden growth and transfiguration of the letters before his eyes until they read

MARIA undique et undique CÆLUM.

The parting of the ways had come, but not quite yet "the parting of friends"; though, indeed, in these cases the parting of friends is happily no longer that ferocious severance not merely of labour and purpose, but of mind and body, which caused Newman to pass up Hursley village twenty years after his conversion and look Keble full in the face and not know him nor be known by him again. The intellectual journey was complete, but there remained that troubled lassitude after the goal was gained which those who have suffered it care little to recall—a time when Catholicism has lost its first strange lights and colours, when the courage coming of a great decision has yet to be awaited, when the mind experiences something faintly analogous in its gloom, though not in its profundity, to the dark mysterious night of the soul.

"I am not certain that I should not have become a



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Catholic earlier if Catholicism were not so glaringly obvious," says Mr. Knox, speaking of the tendency of Oxford to make one pursue what is singular and paradoxical, rather than what is true. "Glaringly obvious," no doubt, it is to a world which judges such matters by the tests of numbers, or history, or world-wide distribution; "glaringly obvious," too, to the thoughtful English agnostic, who, if he were to enter any fold, makes no secret of his preference for that of Rome; yet to the average Englishman still something eccentric, something indicative of a strange twist or crank in a man's nature which marks him out as an original among his fellows. Not many wise, it seems, are called at least in England to pass along this road into eternity. Newman in one generation; Acton in another; Baron von Hügel in a third. Thus it is that, as Mr. Knox says, the curiosity of the spectator to know what the change feels like is hardly weaker than his curiosity to know why the change was made.

I had been encouraged to suppose (our author goes on) and fully prepared to find that the immediate result of submission to Rome would be the sense of having one's liberty cramped and restricted in a number of ways, necessary no doubt to the welfare of the Church at large, but galling to the individual . . . I was quite prepared for all this: the curious thing is that my experience has been exactly the opposite. I have been overwhelmed with the feeling of liberty—the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

For the vision of the pattern of heavenly things which Catholicism discloses does in fact issue not through the gate of ivory but through the gate of horn. Virgil, his mission done, vanishes from one's side—Virgil with his austere gaze, his "pathetic half-lines, his sense of the melancholy and mystery of human things, his high nobility—

. . . Virgilio, dolcissimo patre,  
Virgilio a cui per mia salute die' mi.

But life is still potentially a poem, and in Virgil's place walks Dante. The soft mists have drifted away, and to

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some eyes at first sight the light seems now too hard and clear. But this intellectual light is full of love ; and in the distance glimpses are to be had of the tawny river, flowing between its flowering banks and casting up its red and golden spray. Above and beyond lie the hillsides upon which, like the petals of a rose, are gathered the white-robed hosts of God.

Such is the poet's dream, and such the light that never rested long on land or sea. For here Catholicism, as Mr. Knox reminds us in conclusion, is still a sign set to be spoken against, a universal scapegoat :

I found that Catholicism in Italy was condemned as denationalized, Catholicism in Germany for its nationalism, Catholicism in Switzerland because it was pacifist, Catholicism in France because it was chauvinist, Catholicism in Spain as a pillar of reaction, Catholicism in Ireland as a hot-bed of revolution. I found that the imperialist Press, both in England and in Germany, anathematized the Holy Father's interference, now because he was trying to secure the winning-side in its ill-gotten gains, now because he was trying to save the losing side from defeat.

Catholicism is, one might perhaps say, as ill-spoken of as Christianity ought to be in a generation upon which all the ends of the world are come. Efforts to bring the nobler forces of humanity into play at the earliest possible occasion are treated as if there was in them something intrinsically shameful, as if force were, not as John Bright unwisely said, no remedy at all but the only remedy in existence. An indifference to, or disdain of, projects of vengeance is supposed to indicate a feeble sense of justice ; as if those whose confidence in the justice of God is so great that they think no sin goes inexactly punished, had need to trouble themselves overmuch with questions of pains and penalties. The Catholic's determination, again, not to lose sight, even in this hour of darkness, of the higher unity of Christendom, is supposed incompatible with a complete appreciation of the duties of patriotism ; as if such feelings in their best expression were not interpenetrative ; as if it were not an English poet that had said

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I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honour more ;

as if a nation could take its true place in God's Universe so long as sentiments of nationality unmixed—" *sacro egoismo*," "my country right or wrong," or whatever it may be—disturb its soul. Mr. Knox points to the Catholic Church and to International Socialism as the two main safeguards against social disintegration. There is another. Is it a small thing that in the pioneer nation of the earth, among the American people, the windows of whose soul have long stood open that they may welcome all the wandering spirits of the world and breathe of every breeze that blows, international idealism should have found a prophetic voice and the Catholic Church been reconciled, so far as such things may be, to the spirit of the age? In the beginning of the war a critic, usually acute, observed that there were two Powers which had missed their opportunity—the Pope of Rome and the President of the United States. It may be that some historian will some day say that these two potentates were well acquainted with their proper business, and that a man might have done worse than turn to Washington to know how best to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to Rome to learn in what spirit to render to God the things that are God's.

Be that as it may, to keep outside the current of international life and thought is no more possible for the Church of England than for England itself; and Wisdom, which a century ago gave birth to the Anglo-Catholic Revival, is crying aloud now to be justified of this, her offspring. Some will prefer to stand in the ancient ways, even though, if it came to that, we could show them ways more ancient yet. But to those who would rise from strength to strength, this latest echo of the "Apologia" may sound as the first notes of a *réveillé*, and its concluding words be found to furnish the fitting password to a day of long and strenuous battle: *Ecce nova facio omnia!* Behold I make all things new!

ALGERNON CECIL.

## L'OTAGE OF PAUL CLAUDEL

THE persons of M. Paul Claudel's tragedy are these : Pope Pius [VII]; the Parish Priest Badilon ; the [restored] King of France ; Viscount Ulisse Agénor Georges de Coûfontaine et Dormant ; Baron, later Count, Toussaint Turelure, Prefect of the Marne, later of the Seine ; Sygne de Coûfontaine.

The scene opens in the Abbey once belonging to the Cistercian Monks. After the murder of the Community the building has been acquired, through a long course of business and finance, by the living junior of her race, Sygne de Coûfontaine. The neighbouring Coûfontaine hereditary castle has been destroyed by the Revolution that massacred the monks ; and she lives alone in the Abbey, with her account-books, ready for the coming of the head of the house, her cousin George. The first action of the play is his arrival. He is her lord, her liege, her cousin, " the male of her race," as she calls him. For him she has saved this remnant of a great property. He comes to question her as to the safe arrival of a Guest, an old man riding an ass. He is here, she tells him, very weary, and has sent for the parish priest, has confessed, and has said Mass. " Oh, no longer the poor remains of a man. An angel, achieving in great vehemence and sweetness an action inestimable. Who is he, George ? " And now we first hear of yet another person of the drama, the Prefect, Toussaint Turelure. It is by his permission (he is greatly powerful) that the Guest is there, and George banters Sygne on the good understanding she has with him. She says she is merely a man of business, and does not choose the men she may have to deal with. George laughs, " You should marry him. His arms smudged up with ours would make the old tapestry gay." His irony hurts her, and she has tears in her eyes. He speaks to her affectionately of her lonely life and labours. She takes from her table the miniature

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of his wife and children, whose beauty she delights to think of, and learns that all are dead, that his wife had been the mistress of the Dauphin. He is a broken man, living for the political hope of restoring the King in France. "All my labour then is in vain," cries Sygne.

There was a day when my father and my mother, and your father and your mother, Coûfontaine, came out together upon the scaffold. Those four most holy faces were looking at us. In their bonds our fathers and our mothers were slaughtered. And when it was my mother's turn the executioner rolled the twist of her grey hair round his fist and drew her head under the knife. We were in the front of the people and their blood spattered us. . . . Men cut down our stem, and God has taken thought for us and has stripped us of our fruit . . . My God, Thy will be done. Thy bitter will—Thy bitter will—.j

In their desolation the two last of their race join hands in their feudal manner, on the land which is to them sacred soil, before the crucifix that had been hacked to pieces by the Revolution, but gathered together by Sygne and her nurse—the breast of the figure found serving as an anvil at the blacksmith's, the head stopping up a baker's oven; the young mistress and the aged maid had brought it home, walking in the night barefoot, reciting their prayers. In the garden of the Abbey lie the monks, according, as Turelure boasts, to their seniority, abbot, prior, brothers, novices, lay-brothers, executed by his direction, and laid in ranks between the leeks and the Jerusalem artichokes. In order to conceive the whole tragedy that follows, the reader must realize that Sygne vows herself to Coûfontaine as a knight, as a vassal, as a sister, as a junior, as a bride, as man to man; and as solemnly, she says, as a nun makes her profession. And Coûfontaine gives her his glove as a sign. He bids her not to fail him, as all things have failed. "Be not only true, not only sure, Sygne," cries the unhappy man; "be infallible." "God alone is infallible," she answers. Immediately after the solemn plighting of George and Sygne, he reveals to her who is her guest, the sacring bell of whose Mass tinkles in the silent house. Pius VII,

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stolen by Bonaparte from Rome, has been stolen from Paris by Coufontaine.

The next scene is between the Pope and Coufontaine, and requires careful attention if the reader (we must say reader here as well as audience) is to take the full significance. Coufontaine tells the Pope that the usurper Bonaparte is at Moscow, that the King of France is in England, and to England his host would take the guest whom he has captured, there to await the Restoration. Hence the two speak somewhat, as it were, separately. Coufontaine urges; the Pope replies with scriptural proverbs, vaguely to the purpose. The host questions him: Why did he bless the goat among the sheep? This refers to the anointing of Bonaparte. Christ, replies the Pope, kissed the feet of Judas.

Meanwhile the enemy, Turelure the traitor, has gained knowledge as to the capture and the presence of the Pope. Sygne has to play hostess to the enemy. He is the son of her old servant. "My mother," he says, "has left good pupils in your kitchen."

*Sygne.*—My dear Suzanne!

*Baron Turelure.*—Will you excuse me if I show no sensibility? All the hatred that sainted woman bore her husband she bestowed in turn upon me her son. My titles of General, Prefect, Baron, never dazzled her in the least. Daughter of a game-keeper, she was married to a poacher . . . (*He lifts his nose and sniffs lightly.*) Here I am, with my love of order and my instinct of caution, and a nose like a dog's for the quarry.

He winks a cunning eye. And this is the first sign that he knows that the guest is the Hostage. As the conversation between these enemies develops itself it appears darkly that this man of the Reign of Terror and of the Empire may be a Royalist for a price. More clearly he asks for the hand of Sygne. He vents his boast of his glories in the Year One, and then abruptly for a moment asks her pity; "his body is crippled, his soul is in outer darkness, his face is full of crimes and of despair." Ten years they have lived as neighbours, he the Prefect of the Marne, she the farmer, the steward, the accountant, who by daily

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labour has redeemed the Coûfontaine Abbey and something of the hereditary lands. But the blood of the murdered monks is on his hands, and that of her father and mother. She gives him a reply of refusal, full of cold indignation. "I will buy you," he pursues, "I will take the land and the name, the woman, her body and her soul, with it. Your fathers shall be my fathers, and your children my children." This comes to pass, with one exception. And if the dramatist lets the soul of Sygne escape the hand of Turelure, it is as it were by a spasm of dissolution. For the present she has only the desire to kill him. Her hand is on the trigger of her pistol, but she forbears.

Henceforward the tragedy is entirely the doom of Sygne; even though, in the last scene of all, the allied kings form the court of the restored King of France, and the curtain falls upon the unavenged shed blood of the innocent.

It is from the parish priest, the *Curé*, called M. Badilon according to French custom, that Sygne hears of the peril of her guest. It is to him that she discloses Turelure's proposition of marriage, and at this moment begins her martyrdom. The Pope is at the mercy of the traitor, who asks his price.

*The Priest.*—Sygne, save the Pope.

*Sygne.*—Not at that cost. I say No. I will not. Let God take care of His own man . . .

*The Priest.*—Give up, then, your fugitive Father.

*Sygne.*—I will not give up my body and my soul. I will not give up my name and the name of my people.

*The Priest.*—Give up your God instead.

*Sygne (turning to the Crucifix).*—Thou hast most bitterly mocked me . . . I will not marry Turelure.

*The Priest.*—The life of George is also in his power.

*Sygne.*—Well, let him die then. Am I not ready to die? . . . But the name is my own, my honour as a woman is my own. And if George were to die, and this old man be kept alive—

*The Priest.*—It is George who brought him hither.

*Sygne.*—This visitor of a moment, this old man who has nothing now to give up except his breath.



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*The Priest.*—Your guest, Sygne.

*Sygne.*—Let God do His duty and I shall do mine.

*The Priest.*—O my child, who is weaker or more unarmed than God, Who can do nothing without us ?

*Sygne.*—Oh, miserable weakness of a woman! Why did I not kill him without a thought, having the means in my hand ? But I thought it would be useless.

*The Priest.*—Did you harbour that thought of crime ?

*Sygne.*—We should all have died together, and I should have been spared this choice.

*The Priest.*—And it is easy to destroy what cost so much to redeem.

*Sygne.*—It would have been a good thing to kill that man.

*The Priest.*—But of him also God thought from all eternity, and he is the dear child of God.

*Sygne.*—Ah, I am deaf to such things as that. And I am a woman, and not a nun melted and moulded in wax . . . And if God intends that I should love Him, let Him understand all my hatred. . . . He is He Whom I love from my heart and the deep treasure of my virginity. Remember that all my life I have lived face to face with that man, and have used him, and have been served by him against his will. And my gorge has risen against him in fear and detestation. And now I am to call him my husband—that beast ! to accept him and to turn to him my cheek ! That I will not do. I say No ! No, if God incarnate required it of me.

*The Priest.*—He nowise requires it.

*Sygne.*—Then what are you requiring in His name ?

*The Priest.*—I ask for nothing, I exact nothing, I look to you, as Moses looked to the rock when he had struck it.

*Sygne.*—What do you mean ?

*The Priest.*—I mean the thing for which you were created and came into the world.

*Sygne.*—Am I to save the Pope at the price of my soul ?

*The Priest.*—God forbid ! God forbid that we should seek good through sin.

*Sygne.*—I will not give my soul to the devil.

*The Priest.*—But the spirit of violence has already taken possession of your soul. Sygne, Sygne ! and in the night you received Jesus Christ in communion.

*Sygne (in a stifled tone).*—Have pity upon me.

*The Priest (in a ringing voice).*—And do you have pity upon

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me, who am charged to say to you that which fills me with terror. It was your mother, the holy Comtesse Renée, who saw me when I was a little sexton, and made me a priest for all eternity . . . And here am I asking her daughter to endure that compared with which death is nothing—her daughter, whose shoe I am not worthy to touch. I, the fool, the big, coarse, material man loaded with sins! I, to whom God has given ministry among men and among angels; and into these red hands He has delivered the power of loosing and of binding. You have lost all, and I alone am left to be called Father by you! Ah, none has been your father by blood more certainly than I am your father in the name of the Father and the Son. Pray that I may be indeed your father, and not a slaughterer. Pray that I may lead you away from violence into the ways of gentleness . . .

*Sygne (in a stifled voice).*—Give me absolution, for I have sinned. (*He opens his cloak and shows a surplice, and a violet stole crossed over his breast.*) What, have you the holy Viaticum about you?

*The Priest.*—No, I have just administered the Sacrament to the old man Vincent in the woods. Just as I was leaving the Pope (*dropping his voice*) this morning I heard that the poor old forester had had his legs crushed by a falling oak. I have just left him. What a storm! It reminds me of the great days of the Republic One and Indivisible, when I was hunted in the forest, and I spent the night in the hollow of a tree, with Our Lord upon my breast.

*Sygne (kneeling).*—Give me absolution, Father, for I have sinned.

*The Priest (taking his seat at her side).*—May God forgive you, as I give you my blessing.

*Sygne.*—I have been guilty of violent words, of wishing for death, of intending to kill.

*The Priest.*—Do you renounce, with your whole will, all hatred for any man, and all desire to do any man harm?

*Sygne.*—I do.

*The Priest.*—Go on.

*Sygne (in a lower voice).*—George, of whom I spoke to you just now, Father, I love him.

*The Priest.*—That is no sin.

*Sygne.*—More than is due to any creature of God.

*The Priest.*—But not so much as does God, Who created him.

*Sygne.*—Father, I have given him my heart.

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*The Priest.*—Yet you love him too little if you love him away from God.

*Sygne.*—Does God intend that I should forsake him and break faith with him?

*The Priest.*—Have patience with me, and hear me, my beloved child, for I am your pastor and wish you no evil . . . If you, for the saving of the Father of all men, should renounce your love, your name, your cause, and your honour in this world, taking your executioner to your heart as your husband, as Christ allowed Judas to destroy Him—justice has not asked this of you.

*Sygne.*—If I refuse to do it, I have not sinned?

*The Priest.*—There is not a priest who could refuse you absolution.

*Sygne.*—Is that true?

*The Priest.*—I will say further: Take care that you do not profane this great sacrament of marriage . . . God has sanctified the free consent of marriage, whereby two make themselves one.

*Sygne.*—God does not demand that consent of me?

*The Priest.*—He does not demand it; I tell you so absolutely. And when the Son of God tore Himself from the bosom of His Father and underwent humiliation and death, and also that other death which is the mortal sin of those He loves—justice did not constrain Him.

*Sygne.*—Ah, I am not a God, I am a woman.

*The Priest.*—I know, poor child.

*Sygne.*—Is it for me to save God?

*The Priest.*—It is for you to save your guest.

*Sygne.*—It was not I who bade him to this house.

*The Priest.*—Your cousin brought him.

*Sygne.*—I cannot! O my God, I cannot pay that price.

*The Priest.*—It is well. You are guiltless of the blood of this just man.

*Sygne.*—I cannot go beyond my strength.

*The Priest.*—My child, search your heart.

*Sygne.*—Here it is, open before you—torn open.

*The Priest.*—If the children of your cousin were living, if it were to save him, to save them, to save the race, to save the name, and he asked you for this sacrifice, Sygne, would you make it?

*Sygne.*—Ah, what am I, poor woman, in comparison with the male of my house? Yes, I would make it.

*The Priest.*—I have this, then, from your own lips.

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*Sygne.*—But George is my father and my blood, my brother, my senior, my master, my lord, to whom I have pledged my faith.

*The Priest.*—God is this, and much more to you.

*Sygne.*—But He does not need me. The Pope has His unfailing promises.

*The Priest.*—But the world, for which Christ did not pray, has them not. Spare the whole world this crime . . . You see that this is the hour of the Prince of this world. Peter himself is in the hands of Napoleon. What is to prevent that Emperor from making a false Pope, as did those emperors of darkness in old days, or from keeping the Pope away from Rome, as did certain French kings, in order that he might be their own man? *There* is the last anarchy! *There* is the heart out of its place! Ah, we are not alone in this matter. You, penitent soul, you, virgin—look abroad at the multitude that surrounds us, blessed spirits in Heaven, sinners under our feet, myriads of living beings awaiting your resolve!

*Sygne.*—Father, don't try me beyond my strength.

*The Priest.*— . . . It is not by your strength I am trying you, but by your weakness.

*Sygne.*—Then I, Comtesse de Coûfontaine, shall take in marriage, of my free will, Toussaint Turelure, the son of my servant and of the wizard Quiriace. I shall wed him in the face of God in three Persons, and swear fidelity to him, and wear his ring. He will be flesh of my flesh, and soul of my soul, and that which Jesus Christ is for the Church, Toussaint Turelure will be for me, indissolubly; he the butcher of '93, covered with the blood of my people, will take me in his arms day by day, and there will be nothing of me that is not his own. And of us shall be born children in whom we shall be locked together. All the property I have laboured to reclaim—not for myself—the property of my ancestors, and of these holy monks, I shall bring him as my dowry. It will be for him that I worked so long and suffered so much. The faith I have given, I shall break. My cousin, betrayed by all, and having me only in all the world—I, too, am to fail him. This hand which he held within his hand on that Whitsun-Monday, under the eyes of our fathers and our mothers standing on the altar of that scaffold—that hand I am to take back. Of those two hands that were joined in passionate love an hour ago, mine is forsworn. (*A silence.*) You don't speak, Father?

*The Priest.*—I don't speak, my child. I am aghast! I declare

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to you that not I, nor man, nor God, has asked you for such a sacrifice.

*Sygne.*—Who, then ?

*The Priest.*—Christian soul! Child of God! It is for you to make it if you will, and of your free will.

*Sygne.*—I cannot.

*The Priest.*—Prepare yourself then for absolution. I am ready to bless you and to dismiss you.

*Sygne.*—My God! Yet Thou knowest that I love Thee!

*The Priest.*—But not unto the crown of thorns, the spitting, the fall, the nakedness, the Cross.

*Sygne.*—Thou seest my heart.

*The Priest.*—But not to the wide wound in My side.

*Sygne.*—Jesus! my good Friend! Who has always been my friend, if not Thou ? It is hard to displease Thee now.

*The Priest.*—But easy to do My will.

*Sygne.*—It is hard to separate myself from Thee for the first time in my life.

*The Priest.*—But it is sweet to die in Me, Who am the Truth and the Life.

*Sygne.*—Lord, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.

*The Priest.*—But let Thy will, not mine, be done.

*Sygne.*—My God, I give Thee all. But Thou, on Thy side, be pleased to do something for me. Delay not, but take my miserable life.

*The Priest.*—But it is for Thee alone to know the day and the hour.

*Sygne (in a stifled voice).*—Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have pity upon me.

*The Priest.*—He is with you now.

*Sygne.*—Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done.

*The Priest.*—Is it so, my child ? Is it finished ?

*Sygne.*—Not mine be done. (*Silence.*) Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done. Lord, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

*The Priest.*—My child, my beloved child, do you feel now how easy a thing God has placed before you ? It is down, down in the dust, the whole structure of your self-love. Down in the dust the *Sygne* that God never made. Torn up by the roots the deep-seated love of self. Here, now, is the creature with her Creator in the paradise of the Cross. “O my child, great is the joy that I have laid up for My holy ones, but what of my cup ?” It is easy to accept death and shame and smiting and misinterpretation

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and the contempt of men. All is easy except to grieve Thee. All is easy save not to do Thy blessed will. (*He rises.*) And I, Thy priest, stand over this creature sacrificed. And I pray over her as I pray over the bread and wine in the Mass. Father Eternal, Thou seest this lamb that has done what she could. But now have pity upon her. Load her not with a burden too heavy to bear. And have pity upon me too, priest, sinner, for I have now sacrificed my only child with my own hands.

And now, my daughter, tell me you forgive me, before I pronounce your pardon.

*(She moves her hand, and he lays his own on her head.)*

My child, collect your thoughts while I bless you. And may the grace of God be with you.

*(She sinks down from her knees with her face to the floor, and remains so with her arms extended. He makes slowly the sign of the Cross over her.)*

The third act changes the scene and advances the time by a year or two. Sygne is the wife of Turelure and the mother of his child. We see the headquarters of the army defending Paris against the Allies. The Pope is saved, and in Rome. Turelure is General of that army and Prefect of the Seine, armed with all powers military and civil. The day is that of the baptism of his son. Sygne lies back in an easy chair. Turelure is triumphant, and has one ambition only to be satisfied. At a certain price he will become a royalist like his wife, and open the gates of Paris to the besieging Allies, and the way to the throne of France to the King. And he will do this through the agency of Sygne. He does all, and gains all. It is the Republic that made him, the Emperor that appointed him to such honours that, as he says, "I am France," and he betrays them both. As for the Allies, he boasts of the slaughter of the Germans as he had done of the massacre of the monks. "Four hundred, in pink trousers, put to bed in the vineyard of Noisy-le-Sec, all correct, 'eyes left' in death towards the Herr Adjutant. 'Habt Acht,' and the little finger against the seam of the trousers." Into Sygne's hands he gives the papers of surrender to the Allies, and introduces to her the one friend of her past, her cousin, George de Coûfontaine,

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representative of the King. The roystering of the baptismal festival in the adjoining hall, with Turelure's voice ringing above the toasts, is heard throughout the scene that follows. It is the first meeting of George and Sygne since her marriage. The paper she hands him from her husband has these clauses: "The King swears fidelity to the Constitution"; and "The budget shall be voted year by year by the representatives of the people." In the eyes of Coûfontaine such a king, however legitimate by inheritance, is not King of France by the will of God, but King of France by the will of Turelure and his like.

*George.*—Thus Turelure capitulates, but the King surrenders.

*Sygne.*—I cannot discuss it . . . I propose these conditions to you, and you will accept them.

*George.*—I will not accept them.

*Sygne.*—But your orders from the King are explicit.

*George.*—What do you know of my orders?

*Sygne.*—If they were not such as I believe, you would not be here.

*George.*—Farewell, then, O King, whom I have served, image of the Almighty! Every man at his birth accepted his monarch in his own immutable place, knowing that no man lives to himself alone, but for another, and that every man has his essential chief. And now, O King, in the end of my own life, it is my hand, the hand that has fought for you, that has to sign your downfall.

*Sygne.*—Nay, rejoice, George, for your eyes have seen what your heart desired.

*George.*—There is one thing sadder to lose than life, and that is a reason for living; sadder than the loss of our own is the loss of our hope; more bitter than disappointment may be a prayer granted.

*Sygne.*—But here is the King on his own throne.

*George.*—You call him a King! I see only a crowned Turelure, a prefect administering laws for the public conscience, "constitutional," bound by oath, and to be dismissed when the public is tired of him.

*Sygne.*—But for you and for me he is King, King through the great sacrifice we are about to make for him. And if my own lord is to die, let it not be before his vassal.



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*George.*—You are speaking of the demands of Turelure ?

*Sygne.*—Yes.

*George.*—The relinquishment and the transfer to him of all my rights, titles, and possessions, and devolution after my death to the heir you have given me ? Well, that's done.

*Sygne.*—O George, at first I thought I must cry out and protest.

*George.*—You did not.

*Sygne.*—No, not I.

*George.*—I thank you, *Sygne.* That at least is like you.

*Sygne.*—Go on—give him all.

*George.*—I suppose that is of the essence of the contract ?

*Sygne.*—O George, give him all, all.

*George.*—What have I to give ? You and he have everything, as it is.

*Sygne.*—No, your right and your name are left you.

*George.*—Must I give these also ?

*Sygne.*—Give him these also.

*George.*—But the name is not mine to give, the land is not mine to give, the bond between me and that land is not mine to give.

*Sygne.*—All is altered, *George.* There is no right left, there is only enjoyment. There is no bond left between man and the land, except only in the grave.

And the hands that were joined are apart. And your hand has no more use except only in attesting and in signing the gift.

*George.*—Let him keep everything he has taken. I shall make no claim.

*Sygne.*—You must consent in writing.

*George.*—I will not capitulate.

*Sygne.*—Then you will be the enemy of your Sovereign ?

*George.*—I cannot renounce my honour.

*Sygne.*—Why, what else have you to renounce ?

*George.*—Let me be the one man in the world who refuses to betray.

*Sygne.*—Renounce, betray, give up ! O *George,* give him this, this also. Dear brother, don't stand in the way of our ending.

*George.*—We cannot end—there is that child.

*Sygne.*—For you and for me all is over.

*George.*—True. Our name, our inheritance,—all is heaped upon the head of your child.

*Sygne.*—Are you accusing me of a vile thought ?

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*George.*—No, your shame, the shame you have gained for yourself, is enough without that.

*Sygne.*—Gained for myself in the sweat of my brow and the anguish of my soul.

*George.*—Well, it is your own.

*Sygne.*—It is indeed my own. It is my wealth, and it shall not be taken from me—a shame more faithful than any glory. It will follow me to my grave and beyond; it is sealed upon me like a stone; it is bone of my bones that are to be judged.

*George.*—My sister, why did you do this thing?

*Sygne (with a cry).*—*George!* It is the evil blood in me that spoke, though I thought myself so strong and so reasonable. Do you remember that ancestor of ours that fought against Joan with the Burgundian, and that other who was a renegade, and of that Nogaret from whom also we are descended, and who struck the Pope across the face? . . .

*George.*—And our plighted hands have parted, and the “*foi*” on our blazon is corrupted. The last to be torn from me is the hand I held on the morning of that sacrifice on the scaffold.

*Sygne.*—I tore my hand. But you—oh, don’t tear my heart!

*George.*—All that binds one human being to another was still with me while I had your hand. Child, sister, father, mother, comforter, wife, vassal, comrade—all this with that hand of yours. What is the vow you have not broken? What is the faith you have not denied?

*Sygne.*—The vow at least of my baptism.

*George.*—God has many friends, and I had only one ewe lamb.

*Sygne.*—I saved the father of all men.

*George.*—And you lost your brother.

*Sygne.*—Judge me then. I submit.

*George.*—God is your judge, and I appeal to His tribunal; the law that He made He cannot cancel. I shall cite you, I shall challenge you to show my glove. What is once given cannot be taken back; no, not on earth nor in Heaven.

*Sygne.*—I have nothing to fear from Heaven. The Lord cannot put me lower; there is no place more abject than mine, and I ask none higher.

*George.*—You failed in faith.

*Sygne.*—For a great price offered me. |

*George.*—You failed in love.

*Sygne.*—I hurt you grievously, did I, *George*?

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*George.*—It was too much. You should not have done it. And now I am going to die, and I shall be lost, and I have eternity in which to live without any consolation. Could not God have left me one little hour? One loyal heart? One Veronica so that I might hide my face from all eyes, at this moment in which my heart breaks at last?

*Sygne.*—I only, I only have done this. Of my own will. Don't say a word against God. My heart is the cause—my evil heart.

*George.*—You have failed me, and my child has become my bitterness.

*Sygne.*—May God take my place, and pay my debt. I, unfortunate creature, cannot pay.

*George.*—You should not have done this. A betrayal of love God Himself cannot set right. . . . Go on in the joy of your God, but I shut you out of my heart. Had I a Heaven to hope for after this life? Or was I like so many men who make capital of mere words and phrases? My part was in life and with the living. I had the heart of a man, and no mere idea. My part was with my companions, in one faith and one hope, and my heart was in a heart resembling mine.

And now you, in this last hour of my life, have denied me solemnly, as a Jew rends his garment from the top to the bottom.

*Sygne.*—My humiliation is too deep. There is no more agony for my soul that longs for suffering like a thirsty land. I have no tears. There is no more possible pain; every pang added to the rest is like a solace.

*George.*—And I, what is left for me to do?

*Sygne.*—Come with me where there is no more grief.

*George.*—And no more honour?

*Sygne.*—No more good name, no more honour.

*George.*—Mine is unsullied.

*Sygne.*—Of what use is that integrity? . . . The earth will be alike for us both.

*George.*—But I have not betrayed the earth, the land that was my own. Faithful, it gave food to a faithful heart.

*Sygne.*—I shall now, in my turn, give myself for food to the earth.

*George.*—Perjurer! That land is yours no more. You have sold it, and the serf's name you have taken is not the feudal name of our land.

*Sygne.*—I loved it more than you loved it.

*George.*—Who should love it better than the exile I was?

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*Sygne.*—You loved the surface of it.

*George.*—It is my land and my possession, and there is none other like it.

*Sygne.*—But I have the roots of it and the depths. All land is the same, six feet down.

*George.*—Do you not look for a resurrection ?

*Sygne.*—Don't speak of things beyond your understanding. But even if there were no resurrection the blessing of mere dying would be enough.

*George.*—You are right. That at any rate is true.

*Sygne.*—O George, how ridiculous we two have been! It is pitiable. We betrothed ourselves so that we might become husband and wife—we were absurd—as though there were any place for us on earth. We are not wanted. . . . And you, do you care so much to be an owner of territories, as other men are millers or shepherds ? Men want no man over them. And we were created not to be takers or givers, but to be sharers. Come away with me, let us take hands, but not as bridegroom and bride. One hand I reach to you, brother ; though you see me no more as I am, yet I am as I was ; and my other hand is locked in the chain of all my dead . . .

O George, you and I have lived long enough indebted to the world. Long enough have we compelled men to live not for themselves but for us, as we lived for God and the King. Each man now is to live for himself, and there will be no lord and no God. The earth is wide ; let each one live as he will ; men are now as free as the beasts. But we do not care for liberty ; there is no liberty for a gentleman. Or do we care for equality or for fraternity ? Family and name are at an end, and I have only one brother.

*George.*—You are my sister no longer.

*Sygne.*—George, I am your sister.

*George.*—I shall not take again that felon hand.

*Sygne.*—I have been a traitress. I have given all—and myself ; I was dead, the King is dead, my chief is dead. But I have saved the everlasting Priest. God is living with us so long as we have His word, and daily bread, and His holy hand that binds and looses.

*George.*—Your hand is loosed.

*Sygne.*—Then I must go alone and free to the sun underground.

*George.*—But while we are alive, let us finish what we have to do.

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*Sygne.*—Will you sign these papers ?

*George.*—I sign them in the name of the King my master, and in my own. (*He takes the papers, reads, and signs.*) But have I not to expect some cheating on the part of your husband ?

*Sygne.*—No, his orders are explicit ; I have seen them. The orderlies are ready. And his interests are your guaranty. Within an hour Paris will be disarmed and Montmartre in the hands of your friends.

*George.*—Here, then, is my testament, here is my new compact. But have I not heard that there is no testament without a death, and no alliance without shedding of blood ?

*Sygne.*—Let the blood be mine.

*George.*—Do not tempt me.

*Sygne.*—If you do not believe in any God, be yourself at least a man. If there is no eternal justice, then execute justice yourself, and act according to your own law. Whoever has broken human faith is worthy of death. Here am I !

*George.*—No, no, I will not kill my poor child !

*Sygne.*—O George, you love me still !

*George.*—At least I will rid you of that man.

*Sygne.*—Don't kill him.

*George.*—You care so much for his life ?

*Sygne.*—As little as for my own.

*George.*—Then he shall die by my hand.

*Sygne.*—Why trouble yourself about that man ?

*George.*—I will deliver the King from his own promises . . .

*Sygne.*—Am I to entreat you in vain ?

*George.*—In vain.

The next scene is action. Sygne returns into her husband's hands the papers, signed, that convey the capitulation of Paris and the consequent restoration of the monarchy. It is the complete victory of his treacheries. Now George appears beyond the outer door. Turelure draws his own pistol, but the shot that is heard at the same moment with his comes from the lawless hand of George de Coûfontaine, whose bullet reaches not the body of the husband but that of the wife. For Sygne has thrown herself in the way and has taken a mortal wound. As the smoke clears Turelure is seen at the door, loading himself with a burden that he drags away. The audience does not see that it is the body of his

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enemy. He re-enters, sends for a surgeon and the Priest, and withdraws on "affairs of State."

In the next scene, which is that of the death of Sygne, the necessities of the stage have to be humoured. The dying voice must be so weak as to be inaudible except to the Priest, and he repeats her words to make sure he has heard them right. At the outset of this terrible colloquy M. Claudel takes care to remind us that Sygne makes feebly that shaking of the head of which we had been told, in the third act, that it was habitual. Throughout the heart-breaking scene she replies to the exhortations of her confessor—Will she see her child? Will she make the mental acts of hope and charity? Will she forgive?—the sign of refusal. But she kisses his hand.

*The Priest.*—It is not my hand, my child, but that of Christ Who, in His priest, anoints and forgives—the hand that has so often given you His communion. . . . And now at last I may be a coward and show you my heart. No man has loved you as I have loved you, with a love the world does not understand. . . . Glory to God Who has given the sublimest soul to be guided by the lowest. And when you knelt at my side in the tribunal of penance, I, in the depths of darkness, was amazed, and was prostrate in spirit at your feet. Oh, I had only one child and they have slaughtered her! Remember your shepherd, little lamb, who fed you.

He tries to comfort her in her bitterness by reminding her of the direct sacrifice of her life to save her husband. She answers that death was too good a thing to leave to him. His prayer becomes more and more urgent. The sign of denial ends only at the final moment when Sygne flings up her arms "in the form of a cross," and yields her soul.

The Restoration closes the drama. George and Sygne are laid together in death covered with the standard of the *fleur-de-lis*. The King gives audience to the Dauphin, the Chancellor, the Heads of the State and of the Church, the Marshals of France, and the Allied Sovereigns (among whom the King of England). The curtain falls upon the Monarchy according to the traitor.

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This great drama, *L'Otage*, is a tragedy as *Lear* is not, and *Othello* is not. Othello knew all Desdemona's innocence in his last hour. He died because of his knowledge, but that knowledge is as it were the right of the spectator of the drama—the audience. His knowledge saved neither the victim nor the assassin, but it was, in itself, a thing essential saved. One cannot over-estimate the earthly importance of Othello's knowledge of Desdemona's fidelity or Lear's knowledge of Cordelia's duty. "All is lost except honour." That is well, and yet honour is a thing of this world.

In *L'Otage* there is no such salvation. Sygne's pure soul is not known to George. He dies thinking her an unintelligible traitress. In the integrity of her sacrifice she tells him whom she loves more than anything earthly and more than her honour, even more than death, that it is out of the evil of her heart that she has married the murderer, the man whose name is the farcical name of Turelure. Paul Claudel spares her no ignominy—not even the comic. One only knows the true Sygne, but this one is her confessor, and the knowledge is sealed up. The spectator of the drama—the audience—knows it, but the knowledge is intolerable because George does not share it. The audience's knowledge of Desdemona's innocence and of Cordelia's tenderness is consolatory, because Othello shares it, and Lear shares it.

Honour is a noble thing of this world. It is not, for example, even at its best, a theological word or thought. M. Claudel seems resolved to take the woman of his play, and the audience, into higher places. Sygne casts everything into the abyss of her martyrdom; the name she had from her ancestry, the faith of George in her honour, lands and the years she had given to the care of them, her only love, her hand in a degrading marriage; and, moreover, the nature of her child.

There has been some censure of M. Claudel's dealing with this martyr, censure from the pens from which we should have expected praises unstinted. More is asked of her, it has been averred, than should be asked of any



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mortal. But how much a human soul ought to suffer voluntarily, how far it is lawful to follow in the unattainable imitation of Christ, is surely a question that can have no answer. But the more answerable problem seems to be suggested by the words written above—the sacrifice “of the nature of a child.” Here we have to make a protest against the ethics of *L'Otage* which no other student of this great drama seems to have made: Is a woman to bear an heir to an habitual assassin's heart, to an habitual traitor's brain, in order to save her country? to save her father and mother? to save a world? to save a Pope?

It is a tenable opinion that not Sygne de Coûfontaine is the martyr in this tragedy. The martyr is her child. He is called out of nothingness to be the inheritor he is. With her blood the consecrated Sygne is to foster the germs of murder, treachery, and infamy. As to this, M. Claudel has not put into her heart, nor into the heart of the Curé, so much as a consciousness; of scruple there is no question.

When Sygne had given her consent to the marriage, the Curé had warned her that she must not enter upon the Sacrament of Matrimony without fulfilling its obligations; she is to beware of “profaning” it. Are we to take this as an amazing benediction upon her maternity? Hardly, because that maternity, on the side of the child, seems to have escaped his attention and hers.

Assuredly marriage entails one responsibility so great as to overbear all others. A man is bound to choose a mother, and a woman is bound to choose a father. That obligation once acknowledged, as it has not yet been, there will be a heavy blow struck at a great institution of the world. It will be more in danger than any of the other institutions against which we are accustomed to hear threats. It is not an institution of law or of the religions or moralities; these are things that may take care of themselves. It is an institution of sentiment, rightly named Romantic Love because the Romance age of Europe conceived it. It has ruled literature, especially poetry and fiction, for these many centuries. And who would

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wish it abolished ? It is its irresponsible dominance and its liberty that the great obligation of marriage will in time threaten, not its existence. In our day one great voice has been lifted to denounce it altogether—the voice of Tolstoy. He tells us that the wise Russian peasant treats “love” as a mere disease. He does not marry for it. It is a peculiarly unsafe motive, we are told further, because it lives by novelty. Therefore the peasant will not hear of it—it is immoral. We would ask what takes its place ? If the substitute is money—the proportionate money of the poor—we are as far off as ever from the one obligation above-named. All this is Russian violence. Yet right reason, repelling the extreme, will find something here to think of. For instance, if romantic love, in the paltry heart, needs novelty, then divorce is that which permits and flatters it at its paltriest. The Romance age had no divorce. The Romance age, moreover, loving virtue, loving chastity, loving constancy above all things, putting it at the front of all virtues, had a right to romantic love, holding it in bonds of moral law. Has the present world the right to inherit romantic love, in the conditions of the present, from those who conceived it in the conditions of the past ? The least severe thing that can be said of that sentiment as it is now cherished is that it is disproportionate. And disproportion of sentiment is a grievous enemy of that one imperative obligation—the choice of a father, the choice of a mother.

*L'Otage* shows us a holy soul that does not deny that obligation for the sake of a sentiment, but ignores it for the sake of a duty.

To leave this point : Something has been said in the Press of a variant in the close of this great tragedy : to the effect that in one version Sygne dies in the act of forgiveness of her husband, who, after all, had slain George in instantaneous self-defence ; that in the other version she dies unforgiving. It has not been possible—the author being now so inaccessible—to ascertain M. Claudel's exact intention. The dying scene is altered in “the acting version,” but not explicitly on this point. The

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first and the fourth editions of the original drama are word for word alike. If M. Claudel has, indeed, decided to leave this question unsolved, he has no doubt a right, the right of a very great dramatist, to cover and to uncover according to the laws of an art of which he is a master. Those "signs of No" made by the dying head of Sygne in answer to the Priest's agony of appeal had not been "signs of No" in other passages of the tragedy; the movement was a "tic," and in French a "tic" is a habit. Notice, in a stage-direction, had been given to the reader and the actress that it was a "tic." In that last heart-breaking scene it is called, also in a stage-direction, "a sign of No." Moreover, that it is so in fact we have to understand for this reason; the first question the priest asks her is whether she will see her child. The stage-direction as to the reply of Sygne notes one of these "signs of No." The child is not brought; therefore it had been No.

This most important of the works of the present French genius in literature has in its diction the point-blank directness of passions shown dramatically, that is, actually in stage-utterance. The Pope only is unimpassioned, and his speech is indirect. The passions are four: of Sygne, of her Confessor, of George de Coûfontaine, of Toussaint Turelure; they rend the drama, along and across. And this immediate quality, this thought and word *à bout portant*, may perhaps seem to take the place, for a reader accustomed to the apparel of apparent art, of beauty. But the colloquies of the tragedy are extraordinarily beautiful, with beauty of violence and beauty of tenderness; with Sygne's sweetness when she entreats George to forgive the infidelity of his wife, George's rare and serious affection when he calls her "poor Sygneau" and again "mon Sygne" with that play of sex that the French boy likes to use with the girl.

The tragedy is the tragedy of Sygne, and Sygne is open as the day. The mystery is with Coûfontaine, the man of honour by nature and all tradition, who nevertheless

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breaks faith, though with a traitor, and aims a bullet at his heart with whom he had just signed a compact in the name of his King; Coûfontaine, the Royalist who, albeit no longer a Christian, dwells with humble reverence and devotion upon the sacred character of the King "anointed on the forehead and on the shoulder and in the fold of the arm, consecrated, communicating in both kinds"; the sceptic who, for the sake of the Papacy, steals the Pope from Bonaparte. Turelure is as simply complete as his wife; so, too, is "Monsieur Badilon," the parish priest. These men are like immense things written all legible, the handwriting being clear, but the significance immeasurable. This is the work of a great, grasping, and commanding genius.

No attempt has been made, in the present English rendering of the few scenes to represent the paragraphing practised by M. Claudel in prose.\* A careful study has failed to make the present writer master of the meaning of this manner of printing. Whatever it may be, the intention of the French paragraphing must be lost in the English. It may be added here that as one of the leaders in the *vers libre* movement, M. Claudel is a very moderate revolutionary. In his poems he preserves rhyme and rhythm for the ear much as English poetry possesses both. And what shackles he has broken the English reader can only wonder have been fastened on for these centuries. For the severity of French versification has this paradoxical result—it gives unfortunate liberty, laxity, to thought, meaning and phrase. It is not too much to say that a French poet is bound by the immovable *cæsura*, the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes in couplets, and numbers that must never be tampered with, to fill up at times with platitudes or *clichés*. English critics who complain that Pope's *cæsura* "nearly always" occurs in the same place hardly realize that

\* The translation of the passages given in this article is our own by favour of the Yale University Press. That Press's complete rendering of the Play, *The Hostage, a Drama by Paul Claudel, translated from the French, with an Introduction by Pierre Chauvannes*, is issued in the United Kingdom by the Oxford University Press.

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this is licence compared with the French law. The French alexandrine, broken in the middle and nowhere else, makes a little prison of six syllables at a time, and such necessities imply commonplaces that only a master such as Victor Hugo need not commit. Add to these laws the not-counting of the unaccented "e" before a vowel, and the counting thereof before a consonant. Who can wonder at a French revolution? What one may marvel at is the English mimicry, the following of the revolutionary change by English writers who had all possible liberty already. For we have every variety of stress, pause, redundant numbers if we will, an interchange of stress and quantity, vowels and consonants at will fluent or clashing, a little latitude even of rhyme, and no alternation of masculine (single rhymes) and feminine (dissyllabic); all liberty to delight the mind and ear in what manner of delight we choose. To set himself "free" from the laws of English verse, which are wings to its feet, is the last folly of that unintelligent imitation of France that has worked mischief in other ways of literature.

These commentaries, direct and indirect, on a mighty work are by way of a review, and by no means to take the place even of an abridged translation. The fewness of the passages presented here in English attest this. They are examples, essential although (or should we not rather say because?) all the rest is essential.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## GEORGE LANE FOX

A NOTICE of George Lane Fox, published a few days after his death, spoke of the passing away of a great figure from the world of English Catholicism. He would have been the first to disclaim such a description of himself ; yet it may stand ; for as a typical Englishman and a whole-hearted convert he did for half a century hold a place conspicuous and unique in England's Catholic life, as well as in the hearts of countless devoted friends. Such a friend has thought it well to dedicate these few pages to his memory—not by way of formal biography, but rather as a reminiscence and appreciation of one very dear and deeply regretted.

Born in 1838, on the same day of the year (as in his exuberant loyalty he liked to recall) as Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, George Sackville Lane Fox sprang from an old Yorkshire house which had grown wealthy by the pleasant process of "assimilating heiresses," as Disraeli phrased it. His ancestor, George Fox, M.P. for York in George II's reign, had inherited through his mother the great Irish estates of the first Viscount Lanesborough of the first creation, had added Lane to his patronymic, and had married the heiress of George, Lord Bingley, who brought him a dowry of £100,000 and the broad lands of Bramham, with a rent roll of £8,000 a year. He was himself created Lord Bingley in 1762, but his only son predeceased him, and the estates passed to the line of his brother Sackville, direct ancestor of the George with whom we are concerned. When the latter was a child of ten, his father became squire of Bramham, and for close on fifty years held the premier place among the great untitled landowners and sportsmen of Yorkshire and, indeed, of England. At beautiful Bramham, with its glorious beech woods and lovely gardens laid out by Lenôtre, seat of the famous Bramham Moor Hunt, and centre of hospitality and sport of every kind, the child's first years passed happily ; and thence, whilst still hardly

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more than a child, he was sent to Eton, then ruled by Hawtrey and Goodford.

The Etonian days of George Lane Fox were those of the period depicted by Mr. Ainger in his *Eton Sixty Years Ago*. Mr. Ronald Knox, in his *Spiritual Aeneid*, has given his impressions of the famous school, and of his own religious progress there, in the first decade of the present century. Fifty years separate the experiences of Fox and of Knox; but the present writer, whose time at Eton was a *mezzo cammin* between these two epochs, is inclined to think that changes at Eton are, after all, mostly on the surface. "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" One obvious difference of course there was in those far-off days. Boys went to Eton incredibly young, and often stayed at the school, as George did, a full ten years. Gay, good-looking, and popular, he had a very happy time there. Scholarships and prizes were not in his line; but he rose before he left to a position which Prime Ministers, Bishops, and Field-Marsals have declared to be the highest attainable pinnacle of human greatness. He became Captain of the Boats—at a period when the river was still nominally out of bounds, and boating a recreation unrecognized by authority—with all the unbounded influence and prestige which the position carried; and he proved himself worthy of it. "We had unlimited admiration for him in those days," writes an old Etonian a few years his junior. "He was a splendid-looking fellow and a splendid captain. Fellows would do anything for him; his influence was always for good, and he was down on anything like meanness or dirt: they would simply shrivel up before him."

From Eton, George went on in due course to Christ Church; and the change was, as often in such cases, not altogether a salutary one. From a position of authority and responsibility as virtual head of a great school, he went up to Oxford to find himself thrown among a crowd of rich and idle youngsters, who (in far greater numbers then than now) entered the University with no ambition beyond that of sport, amusement, and a generally "good



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time" preparatory to their launch into the great world. Gifted with high spirits, good looks, troops of ready-made friends, and an allowance commensurate with his prospects, the heir of Bramham found, of course, a ready welcome at the House. Discipline in those days, according to his own account, was slack enough; and in the "drawing-rooms" of Peckwater Quad, as at Medmenham of old, the motto was to all intents and purposes "*Fais ce que voudras*." Wild, then, his undergraduate days unquestionably were; but, like the salad years of Arthur Pendennis, they were "wild but not wicked," and for the same reason. Then, as always, George shrank from what was gross and evil; and his college escapades, seriously as he afterwards condemned them himself, were not in the direction of vice or excess, but were in truth little more than the frolics of a high-spirited and undisciplined schoolboy. The point is worth emphasizing; for those who know the story of his youthful days know also how singularly distasteful vice always was to him, and how he "kept straight" (as the phrase is) in the face of temptations to which a nature so attractive as was his might easily have succumbed. His conversion, when it came about, seemed so sudden as to be almost miraculous; but the ground was in truth ready for the good seed, though no one knew it, he himself the least.

Years after those wild young Oxford days, George Lane Fox was sitting with a friend outside a little *trattoria* on the Via Nomentana in Rome. It was a warm April afternoon, and the friends were refreshing themselves with a *mezzo vino* after a dusty pilgrimage to S. Agnese-fuori-le-Mura. Their talk turned on Oxford, and the elder of the two recounted the strange chain of events which had led him (as he said) out of nothingness into the City of God. Undergraduate follies were recalled, including the final frolic which brought an amusing but inglorious residence at Christ Church to a premature close. George of course drove a drag, as the *ton* was for "bloods" like himself; and one fine day the spirit of mischief moved him to drive the said drag (of course for

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a wager) into the sacrosanct quad of Pembroke, exactly opposite Christ Church gate. The feat was successfully achieved, but a condign penalty followed—namely rustication, or an enforced retirement from Oxford to the rural shades of Bramham. Here and now it was that in the leisure of midsummer, with no hunting to distract his thoughts, this spoilt child of fortune realized for the first time that he had (to use his own words) “made an absolute fool of himself.” In the ardour of this discovery he resolved then and there to “cut himself off from the whole thing,” and—prepare for ordination in the English Church! Amusements were sternly set aside, a course of serious reading was entered on, and services were assiduously attended at a neighbouring “High Church,” the result being that his place was occasionally vacant at the family dinner-table, George having “gone off,” as his astonished father expressed it, “to midnight Mass somewhere,” though the function really amounted to nothing more Popish than choral evensong with coloured stoles.

The household at Bramham was not a little perturbed and perplexed at this *volte face* on the part of the heir of the house. A family council was held, and an old family friend was consulted in the person of the Bishop of Oxford. The prescription of the prelate was a simple one. George must return to Oxford when his time of penance was over, and must read for his degree before there could be any question of his taking Orders. In vain he represented that, having escaped from the net of collegiate dissipation, it could hardly be advisable for him to plunge into it again. The Bishop was adamant; and George was equally resolved that, if to Oxford he must return, at least it should not be to Christ Church, but to some pious refuge where prayer and penance could be combined with academic study. The sequel was an interesting one—no less, indeed, than the evolution of the first Anglican monastic community in the form of the Cowley Brotherhood. Opened on St. John's Day, 1866, under the Rev. R. H. Benson, the institution shortly afterwards obtained University recognition as a private Hall, and

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appeared as "Benson's Hall" in the University Calendar for two or three years. George Lane Fox, in conjunction with his friend, the Hon. Charles Wood (now Lord Halifax), was greatly instrumental in the foundation—a fact which seems quite unknown to clients of Cowley to-day. He not only gave it substantial financial assistance, but himself joined the infant Community with its austere and quasi-monastic rule. "I shall never forget," he said, "the inauguration of our observance, on a raw foggy morning in late autumn. We knelt at daybreak, with our Superior, on the cold hard floor of the dreary temporary chapel, and I can hear his voice still, saying, 'Dear Brothers, let us begin our new life by making a meditation on Chaos!' No subject could have been better chosen for my mood at that moment."

Small wonder that the young probationer, with all his good will and enthusiasm, found himself physically and mentally unequal to the strain of this sudden and violent change of life and habits. A few weeks at Cowley, indeed, brought him to the verge of a total breakdown; and Father Benson about Christmas-time bade him resume his secular dress and go home for a good holiday. "But it is the middle of the hunting season," objected the aspirant to monasticism, "and I shall be expected to go out." "Do so, by all means," was the reply. "What? in a red coat?" "Yes, certainly." The obedient disciple accordingly betook himself to Yorkshire, and hunted four days a week with his father's hounds, to the great benefit of his health. One day he met in the field the Catholic squire of Hazlewood, who was a friend and kinsman as well as a neighbour, and who expressed his pleasure at seeing him, and the hope that he had come to finish the season at Bramham. "Impossible," answered George: "for the fact is that I am now a monk." "A monk!" exclaimed the squire, looking hard at his red-coated cousin: "I never heard that you had become a Catholic." "Well, I haven't," stumbled George; "that is, not your kind of Catholic: Anglo-Catholic, you know." "No, indeed I don't, my dear George; but come over to

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lunch at Hazlewood and have a talk with my chaplain—a most sensible man—was at Oxford himself, and understands all about it.” The visit to Hazlewood was duly paid: the sensible chaplain evidently said exactly the right thing about the whole position. “I rode slowly back to Bramham saying my prayers,” said George, “and I give you my word, I could show you the exact milestone on the Great North Road where it flashed across me as an absolute conviction that I was in the wrong box, and could only save my soul by submitting to the Catholic Church. Pretty sudden, you say. Well, it was and it wasn’t. You see I had been moving that way for a long time without knowing it; and after all, St. Paul’s conversion was pretty sudden too—not, of course, that I want to compare myself with him in any way.”

“Next day,” he continued, “I went into York and told the Dean all about it—I don’t quite know why, except that I thought he would see I was in deadly earnest, and would perhaps kindly relieve me of the task of explaining matters to my parents, with whom he was intimate. His Reverence, however, refused to take the matter seriously, offered me luncheon, and exhorted me to take plenty of exercise and put the whole thing out of my head. As I left the Deanery, feeling rather depressed, I saw toddling up the street my dear old friends Lord and Lady H—, on their way to the Catholic church. Some impulse prompted me to stop them and tell them my news. Their reception of it was different from the Dean’s. I remember their kind old eyes filling with tears, and they promised to pray for me, and have Mass said for me at St. Wilfrid’s. God bless them both!”

The narrative of this remarkable conversion has been given partly in the convert’s own words; but it is impossible to reproduce the effect of the story as he told it. He was a born *raconteur*, gifted with the keenest sense of humour and pathos, and vivid descriptive powers; he used gestures freely as he talked, and it was a study to watch one emotion after another playing over his fine and expressive features, as he poured out the story of those

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long-past years with a fluency which never faltered. Nothing could exceed the affectionate reverence with which he spoke of Cardinal Manning, who was indeed a second father to him during the anxious period which followed his conversion. He was the Archbishop's guest for several weeks at 8, York Place, Baker Street, and was finally received by him into the Church in the private chapel there. In the first fervour of his conversion, and with all his natural enthusiasm turned towards Rome, nothing short of the completest self-sacrifice would satisfy his new aspirations. For Rome he must shape his course, and there as a cloistered Religious he must dedicate himself at once and for ever to the Divine service. *Nec mora*. Home ties were severed, estates disentailed, succession renounced, last farewells said; and behold! within Convent walls on the sequestered Aventine, meditating in a grove where once stood Diana's temple, telling his beads under the orange-tree planted by St. Dominic himself, habited in the white wool of a Dominican novice, we find Fra Agostino Lane Fox trying his vocation as a preaching friar. "I loved St. Sabina's," he used to say; "it was a home of peace and piety, and I learned my religion there. I preached a sermon, too, once, in the refectory, to the assembled friars: I got it out of St. Bernard, and they all thought it was lovely. And I studied one theological treatise—it was all I had time for—the one *De Romano Pontifice*. I am glad they taught me that one, for I learned all about the Pope and his prerogatives and his position. I don't think they were very long in finding out that I had no vocation to be a Dominican. The fact is, I made one great act of submission once in my life—to the Pope and Holy Church. I never submitted to anyone else, either before or since; so you see I was not exactly suited to become a member of a Religious Order; but I have loved the Dominicans ever since those days in Rome."

After a few months at St. Sabina's, the novice received orders to proceed to a house of the Order at Marseilles, where further instructions would be given him. He sailed

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by night in a miserable steamer from Civita Vecchia, accompanied by a fellow-novice who had never before been to sea. The night was rough, and as the little ship rolled in the Mediterranean, the novice in the lower bunk hammered the one above, crying out, "Fra Agostino, non c'è pericolo?" "Niente, dormi," called down poor George, who was trying to sleep. Presently there was another lurch. "Ah, Fra Agostino, non c'è pericolo adesso?" "Niente affatto! dormi pure"; and so the night wore on. At Marseilles the English novice was told that he had no vocation to the state of friar, and could depart in peace. He had no clothes save his white habit; but a ready-made suit, such as sailors invest in on coming ashore, was purchased for him; and rigged out in this ("I had got so thin," he said, "that it hung about me like a sack")—the erstwhile "blood" of Christ Church and dandy of Pall Mall returned to London. Not at once was it made clear to him that neither in a Religious Order nor in the ecclesiastical state was he intended by Providence to find his true vocation. But he did come to realize this before very long; and in 1870 he was happily married to Miss Frances Slade, daughter and granddaughter of distinguished generals, and, like himself, a convert to the Catholic Church. The union was blessed by four children, three sons and a daughter, and lasted for five happy years. Then, and for some time after his wife's death in 1875, he lived very quietly—for his means were much restricted—in a little house near the Oratory, where the Fathers were his dear friends, and the services were of the fervid Italian type which fully satisfied his devotion. From his old London acquaintances and haunts, his many clubs, and all the resorts of fashionable life, he had cut himself off as absolutely as if he inhabited another planet. Theatres he inveighed against, and never entered; and he once astonished the hall-porter of the Catholic club in Savile Row (the only one of which he was now a member) by tearing down all the playbills from the wall and throwing them into the fire. Newspapers were taboo in his house in Cromwell Place, and it was said that the only



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journal to which he subscribed was a Neapolitan monthly called *The Messenger of St. Januarius* ! A fanatic, it will be said ; but what fanatic was ever so genial, so warm-hearted, so lovable ? He had enrolled himself among the Brothers of St. Vincent of Paul, then presided over by George Blount and, later, by his friend and fellow Yorkshireman, Lord Ripon ; and he spent much of his time in visiting hospitals in Brompton and elsewhere. He was at home with the sick and suffering of all ages and of every condition, to whom his tall figure, white hair, bright eyes, radiant smile, and cheerful sympathy, were ever welcome.

In his great sorrow he sought and found consolation also in frequent and prolonged visits to Rome, which he loved more than any spot on earth. His nature seemed to expand, physically and spiritually, in the sunshine of the Eternal City ; and the full and abounding Catholic life of Rome filled him with joy and satisfaction. His appointment as a Private Chamberlain to Pius IX gave him the *entrée* to the Vatican, and entailed certain duties about the person of the Holy Father. In the years immediately following the Piedmontese occupation of Rome the line was very clearly marked between Blacks and Whites. George's sympathies were of course with the *neri nerissimi* ; of the entourage of the Quirinal he knew nothing, but he made many friends among the great families who remained faithful to the old regime. A distinguished figure in any society, he was a welcome and honoured guest at the exclusive parties where the ladies of princely houses, veiled in priceless laces and wearing their famous diamonds, received Cardinals and Bishops and Ambassadors accredited to the Holy See. But his happiness was not in these stately if rather sombre hospitalities, but in the religious celebrations, the multifarious devotions, the Lenten Quarant' Ore, the daily Stations, the May sermons and Benedictions, the constant yet varied round of liturgical worship in the many churches and chapels of Christian Rome. In these were centred his interests and his real happiness—in these and in his privileged attendance on



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the venerable Pontiff, to whom he cherished the most ardent and lively loyalty and devotion. *Sicut Christiani ita et Romani sitis.* No one could have followed more faithfully the precept of St. Patrick. Rome was indeed to him the breath of life, the medium in which he felt himself most completely and perfectly at home. It was there that his friends found him at his best. Always a delightful companion, it was in that atmosphere, amid those surroundings, that he was ever most sympathetic, most inspiring, most characteristically himself.

In 1879 George Lane Fox gave a second and devoted mother to his four young children, by his marriage with Annette, daughter of Thomas Weld Blundell of Ince Blundell; and this union brought him into intimate connection with many of the old Catholic families of England, of whom hitherto he had known little. The connection was in every way beneficial; for while on the one hand it broadened his own horizon, and helped to correct certain exaggerated notions which he had formed of English Catholicism, it also introduced a new and exhilarating element into circles where the outlook on life had been of a somewhat restricted kind. On the ancient Catholic households of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and elsewhere, immersed in their own admirable family traditions, and moulded by the force of circumstances into, perhaps, too uniform a pattern, the influence of this breezy, enthusiastic, and unconventional convert was at once stimulating and salutary. Certainly they often disagreed with him profoundly; but they always ended by laughing with and loving him. After his second marriage George Lane Fox settled for a time with his wife and family at Bournemouth. Thence he moved to Torquay, which was his home for several years. Not far away, in the beautiful valley of the Dart, stood Buckfast Abbey, which had recently been acquired by a community of French Benedictines, driven from home by the persecuting French laws. The generous sympathies of the English convert were enlisted on behalf of the exiled Religious; he befriended them in many ways, was a

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frequent visitor to Buckfast, and strengthened there the deep attachment to the Order which he had conceived on the consecrated heights of Monte Cassino. He assisted at the choir services wrapped in a voluminous cowl; his children played in the cloister and garden attired in miniature habits; he sent all his sons to school at the great Scottish Abbey, which was the joint foundation of his brother-in-law, Lord Lovat, and his wife's cousin, Prior Jerome Vaughan; and no fewer than six of his children took the Benedictine habit. Not all of them persevered; but he had the happiness of seeing two of his sons professed and ordained at Fort Augustus Abbey, while two of his daughters became Benedictine nuns. He was himself accustomed for many years to recite daily the whole Benedictine Office, and only relinquished the practice when, as he said, with sons and daughters vowed to fulfil that pious duty, he felt himself at liberty to lay his own breviary aside.

It was at Torquay that circumstances led to his taking up new and public work of a kind very congenial to him. He assisted the election campaign of a personal friend who was Parliamentary candidate for the division, and for the first time discovered that he could make a good speech, which he had all his life declared himself congenitally and constitutionally incapable of doing. The sequel of the election in question was that he began to associate himself with the cause and work of the Primrose League, and was before long appointed its District Agent for Devon and Cornwall. In 1889 he became Vice-Chancellor of the League, and thenceforward, as long as health remained to him, his energies, his enthusiasm, his social and oratorical gifts were almost entirely devoted to the work of his office. He developed into a platform speaker of the first rank; and his fine presence, straightforward eloquence, and faculty of telling a good story, either in Yorkshire dialect, in the brogue of county Leitrim, or in good plain English, did a great deal to popularize the League, and to work it up into a political organization of wide influence and importance. Lord Curzon, Grand Master of the

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League, said once that wherever the Vice-Chancellor went, Habitations and half-crowns followed in glittering procession behind him. As an organizer he was not less successful than as an orator ; he was as popular with his subordinate officials in Victoria Street as he was on country platforms or at monster fêtes in ducal parks ; and, best of all, he loved his work, and grudged neither labour nor fatigue in carrying it out.

These new political activities necessarily entailed his return to residence in London ; but he frequently took a country house for the summer months. One summer he spent with his family at Rotherwas, the ancient home of the Bodenhams in Herefordshire, where it was a pleasure to him to find a venerable Benedictine Father installed as Chaplain, and the beautiful Cathedral Priory of Belmont, on the river Wye, within an easy walk. Some years later he passed an autumn at Abbotsford, and delighted in the private chapel there, which for two generations had made Sir Walter Scott's historic seat on Tweedside one of the Catholic homes of Scotland. His two Benedictine sons visited him there, as well as other monks from the Scottish Abbey. George was fond of Scotland, where he had many ties of kindred and affection ; but he found the country disappointing as a seed-ground for his Primrose principles, and he never quite forgave the Scottish M.P. and Privy Councillor who suggested that the League should be known north of the Border as the Thistle League. Perth was almost the only Scottish centre where, under the auspices of a great lady who took her duties as Dame-President very seriously, the League really flourished. George personally conducted thither one year the English Duke who happened to be Chancellor, and organized a great Primrose campaign in the Fair City. "We are having excellent meetings here," he wrote to a friend : "three yesterday and two to-day. I am just off to preach to the delegates from the fifteen county Habitations, and to-night we have a big gathering in the City Hall. The Duke delights the Perth folk with his good manners and cheery ways. He made two neat speeches yesterday, and is paying

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many visits." When, in the autumn of 1891, George and his colleagues organized an "official progress" through certain parts of Ireland, the project was viewed with high disfavour by Cardinal Manning, whose strong letter of remonstrance may be given without indiscretion, since both protagonists have passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Archbishop's House, October 23rd.—My dear George,—I implore you not to go to Ireland. The Catholics who invite you may be good and true, like H— W— and other Irish Conservatives. But behind them at this time, and in the next General Election, there are and will be anti-clerical and Parnellite Catholics of Dublin and Cork—a highly dangerous party, of which lately the Bishop of — told me much. Nothing you can say or do will save you from being followed, cheered, and used by them. And with equal certainty you will find yourself in direct political opposition to the whole Episcopate of Ireland, and therefore to the will of the Holy Father, as I have it direct from himself. Write to me at once, and tell me that you will not be drawn away from your prudent conduct in the past. Your refusal then was prudent: your yielding now would be to forfeit the confidence of many you hold by—and (I will say it with all affection) of myself.—Believe me, my dear George, yours affectionately, H.E., Card. Archbishop.

George yielded to the earnest solicitation of his old friend, for whom he had retained his veneration and affection, notwithstanding their entire disagreement on social and political matters. When the Cardinal died, less than three months later, George attended the solemn Requiem at the Oratory, and wrote (under date of January 22nd, 1892) a characteristic letter describing it:

I am recovering from my influenza, and managed to get to the private tribune (in a fur coat) to assist at the Mass, which was decidedly grand. The choir was composed entirely of priests, who sang the Requiem music without organ; and the choral parts were taken up by the immense mass of clergy who filled the whole transepts and space under the dome—about 500. The poor Fathers suffered, because the Canons and Oblates divided the arrangements with them, and this caused much difficulty in making the multitudinous preparations. Then the dreadful under-

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taker was a trouble. He, of course, had no idea of how to decorate and arrange a grand large church : his knowledge of such things did not go beyond the fitting up of a London " R.C. Chapel " for the burial of a highly respectable Blount or Petre, with much black velvet and many black kid gloves, but no notion of the liturgy or symbolism of the Church of God. If Father G—— could have had a Roman decorator, or had been left to his own taste, it would have been finer ; however, as it was, it was finer by far than anything seen in England in our time, and I think all were well impressed.

George, seriously ill in the spring of 1907, spent the months of his convalescence at Bramham, where his nephew, son of the younger brother who had succeeded to the family estates, was now squire. The affectionate relations between them had been strengthened by the marriage of the younger George to the daughter of his uncle's early and life-long friend, Lord Halifax. He loved that summer at his old home, where he had the happiness of daily Mass in the house, and where he used to have himself driven about the beautiful park in a carriage drawn by an old hunter of his own, the driver being his old groom. Strolling one day in the noble beech avenue, known as Lord Bingley's Walk, he told a friend that those summer months were the happiest he had ever known. He returned to London in the autumn to resume his work, but his health was never again really robust. He paid a visit to Oxford in the following year, stayed with Mgr. Kennard at his charming old house in St. Aldate's, and gave an address to the Newman Society on " Principles before Opinions." Part of the next summer he spent at a pretty country place near Waltham Cross, and the following winter was passed at Hove, where he regained some measure of health. But his days of active work were over ; and in 1912 he found it necessary to resign his office in the Primrose League, which he had held for nearly a quarter of a century. He had been living for some years in Belgravia and Westminster, not far from the great Cathedral, where the daily choral offices were a joy and solace to him. But in his last years he returned to the neighbourhood of his beloved Oratory—so close to it,

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indeed, that when the great doors were open he could see from his porch the candles shining on the altar. His last illness was a prolonged one, but it was borne with patient cheerfulness, and was lightened by the consolations of religion, by a hope and faith which nothing could quench or dim, and by the sympathy and visits of many attached and constant friends. He passed away in peace at his house in Egerton Gardens, on Palm Sunday, 1918.

George Lane Fox's reputation of a great Englishman and a great Catholic is one which will endure. He had his opponents and antagonists, as all must have who work in the public eye; but it is impossible to believe that he ever had a private enemy. He had his faults and his foibles and his weaknesses—which of us has not?—and he would have been less lovable without them. Hasty and at times intemperate of speech, impatient of contradiction, intolerant of the opinions of others, incapable of appreciating or even of understanding points of view opposed to his own—these and similar defects have been attributed to him, perhaps justly. They were the defects of his qualities. What was he, when all is summed up? A man who made great, even heroic, sacrifices for his religion, and who valued that religion so highly that he never even seemed to feel them. A man whose works squared with his faith, to whom his belief and practice were in truth the one absorbing interest of his life. His excursions along the primrose path of party politics provided him with congenial occupation for many years, and he worked at his political propaganda with the strenuousness he threw into everything to which he set his hand. But the whole panoply and paraphernalia of his League, the Habitations and Chapters and Knights Imperial and Dames-President and Ruling Councillors and all the rest—these were after all only side issues in his life, hardly more than the playthings of his leisure hours. Religion was all in all to him; it was his Faith that really mattered; and those who loved him best knew that all through his half-century of Catholic life, from early manhood to old age, it was the next world, not this, for which he was really

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living, and to which his inmost thoughts and longings were continually turned. If that is what makes a saint—perhaps it is—there was, it may be, more of heroic sanctity about George Lane Fox than the world ever suspected, or than he himself in his humility ever dreamed.

✠ OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B.



## ZIONISM

**A**MONG the figures which drew men's gaze on them as the last century was coming to an end, historians will note for their more than passing significance the Anti-Semite and the Zionist. These equal and opposed characters represented once more on the European stage a tragedy long-enduring, never indeed for two thousand years suspended, where the Anti-Semite could call upon whole nations—it might even be said mighty religions—to justify his attitude ; while the Zionist, who was he ? He was only the Jew, the wandering, the everlasting ; a Nonconformist at home, obstinately refusing to become a Greek in manners and morals under the Seleucids ; an alien in Egypt, a rebel against Rome, an object of suspicion at all times in the West, constantly hated by the people within whose borders he dwelt ; and now, after every weapon had been employed to subdue or to change him, a Hebrew still, neither Greek, nor Christian, nor Modern. In her unique romance, *Daniel Deronda*, the woman of genius who styled herself George Eliot has brilliantly translated a passage from Leopold Zunz which, like the prologue to a play of Euripides, sums up the story, as interpreted for a sympathetic audience. I can do no better than set it down here by way of introduction to my own brief pages :

If there are ranks in suffering (thus we read in *The Medieval Poetry of the Synagogue*) Israel takes precedence of all the nations—if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews are among the aristocracy of every land—if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes ?

I have always been touched—as who would not be ?—when I turned to the melancholy chapter from which these words are taken. It is part of a German volume, as rare as enlightening, in which the well-known Jewish patriot, scholar, and reformer, Zunz, collected many master-

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pieces of prayer and psalm bequeathed to his nation by mediæval singers. But I will make a confession, albeit after many days. To my lot fell the task of noticing *Daniel Deronda* in the columns of this REVIEW; and while doing perfect homage to it as a sort of symbolic drama, which it is beyond question, I knew too little of Jewish chronicles, and even less of the Jews in our own time, to grasp the drift or forebode the consequences of a literary event so unexampled. The book issued by circulating libraries, and glibly talked of in London society as George Eliot's failure, has proved to be a banner lifted up, a trumpet-call to the children of Israel scattered abroad. "Its publication in 1876," writes Mr. Lucien Wolf, "gave to the Jewish nationalist spirit the strongest stimulus it had experienced since the appearance of Sabbatai Zevi." But what did I know of Sabbatai Zevi? From Disraeli's *Coningsby* and *Tancred* we might have learnt (and this I did certainly, long before 1876) that Hebrews of a magnificent type and boundless political influence, resembling his Sidonia, were acting their part, not, however, close to the footlights, or with desire to be well advertised. Disraeli himself, the Prime Minister of England, Lasker as leading the German National Liberals, Jules Simon in France, and the Rothschilds everywhere, gave the world assurance that the "rapid social advance of the Jews," to which their historian Graetz referred in a tone of triumph, was undeniable and likely to continue. These facts, however, threw no light on the Hebrew masses or on the feeling of the Western peoples towards them. To Europeans at large, in East or West, the Jew remained a book with seven seals. English societies, gathering funds for his conversion, offered him the New Testament in Hebrew, and went on the supposition that he had been asleep in Sheol since Titus captured Jerusalem. I was not quite so uninstructed; the names of Heine, Marx, and Lassalle, had been spoken in my hearing. Nevertheless, I will venture to affirm that neither then nor now has the average man in these countries, or in the United States, a definite view, drawn

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from observation or research, of the Israelite whose activities are busy all round him, and whose aspirations he will not trouble to find out. He has not yet realized the Jew.

I am far from attempting here a task of such height and depth, even if I were capable of it in any degree, as that realization demands. It will have to be undertaken before long, unless the omens and signs of a great coming inquiry deceive me. At present I would look back on the immediate past, in hopes of discovering what was the grand ideal, anticipated as on the eve of fulfilment by Daniel Deronda, when he set out for Palestine. He was to be the man of action entering into the inheritance of Mordecai, the man of thought, who died before seeing the Promised Land. Curiously enough, during those very years when George Eliot was recording the vision, another celebrated person, not in any way sharing her sentiments but scorning idealism altogether—I mean Prince Bismarck—had struck open a rugged path along which the Jews, enthusiasts and despairing alike, would be driven towards their distant goal. For it was Prince Bismarck who gave rise to the movement called soon after the year 1878 by the new name of Anti-Semitism; and the Zionist counter-movement sprang up, though not at once, in reply to it. We are always pretty safe in tracing back to that Napoleon of Nineteenth-Century politics all that happened in the Old World after 1870. Bismarck did not deny that he was a born Anti-Semite. As a Junker and an official in the parts of Prussia bordering on Poland he needed no coaching so far as the East-European Jews, the so-called Ashkenazim, were concerned. His contempt of them more than equalled his hatred, which could be good-humoured, while never anything but fixed beyond change by rank and tradition in the class that he adorned. He had talked with Lassalle, the Jewish creator of German Socialism; and he meant to put down that dangerous heresy. After the Franco-Prussian War he used the National Liberals, who followed Lasker, and then threw them over, when the Empire was firmly established. A

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strong Conservative reaction set in; the Jews, never popular in any German province, fell under the Prince's wrath, as neither loyal nor Christian, and the elections of July 30th, 1878, swept the National Liberals from power. On that day the Anti-Semite idea found a voice and a party in the Reichstag. The Christian-Socialists, headed by Adolf Stöcker, the court chaplain, were already up and stirring. Many well-known Germans of the highest aristocracy approved; and Treitschke's epigram flew from lip to lip, "The Jews are our misfortune." A widespread agitation, marked by violence of speech and proposals to restrict the civil and political rights of these "foreigners at home" went on, although kept in leading-strings by Bismarck, until Wilhelm II, the new Kaiser, "dropped the pilot." Then it gained more ground still; and the parallel movements in Austria-Hungary, France, and Russia made Anti-Semitism a concerted assault on the Hebrew people right across Europe. But we must never forget that its beginning was in Germany, and its author was Prince Bismarck.

As the movement passed from land to land it reflected the local colour, deepening towards the East into dreadful charges, like the "blood-accusations" of Tisza-Esslár and Polna; calling out in the Russian Empire and Rumania the hideous peasant uprisings known as "pogroms," and not coming to a rest until hundreds of thousands had fled in terror from the Tsar's dominions even to America and the Far West. A notable chapter was contributed by the Christian-Socialist party in Austria, of which the captains were Prince Liechtenstein and Dr. Lueger, who brought the reluctant administration to yield after a long struggle; and Dr. Lueger became Burgomaster of Vienna with acclamations of joy. But in France it was that the Anti-Semite drama went through its most extraordinary scenes. M. Edouard Drumont published *La France Juive* in 1886; the "Affair" of Captain Dreyfus never ceased to shake the country as with a series of earthquakes, from his degradation in 1895 till his second trial in 1899 and his subsequent release. We may reckon the last twenty years

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of the century as an era which proved almost fatal, not only to the Third Republic but to France herself, distracted by internecine quarrels between Anti-Clericals, Legitimists, Freemasons, and Anti-Semites, all professing to have their country's welfare at heart, while bringing it to the edge of civil war. Was the first impulse to such confusion given from Potsdam? The French episode, which circled round Dreyfus, has been thought a German device, reminiscent of Bismarck's policy in stirring up mischief everywhere abroad; and we shall now feel disposed, after certain revelations, to accept the probability, which would agree with what we have seen done, most plainly in America, but all the world over to some extent, by German agents and German gold. To employ the Jews and, at the same time, to provoke assaults upon their lives and possessions, would seem to the Prussian bureaucracy the height of wisdom, and sport for the gods.

Granting so much to be possible or even likely, still there were features of a novel character in the Anti-Semite movement deserving our utmost consideration. The term "mediæval" is now scattered broadcast by newspapers to stigmatize anything whatsoever held to be out of date, cruel, absurd, or tyrannical. But the attack on Jews and Jewry at which we have been glancing was not mediæval in design or motive. The idea sincerely put forward by its advocates could not have arisen under mediæval conditions; neither would the Middle Ages have been able to apprehend it. For in those ages the elements that went to make up that view were not even dreamt of. The Jewish peril in the closing Nineteenth Century, as defined by the opposing movement, was this: that an Oriental tribe, essentially foreign to Europe, had spread itself through all our nations, and was taking advantage of the democratic freedom and equality which we had instituted, to control our finance and politics, our Press, literature, enterprise, and social ethics—in brief, to make slaves of Christians, who should henceforth be Gibeonites serving the new Temple with hand, brain, and possessions. The Anti-Semite disclaimed emphati-

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cally the most distant thought of converting Hebrews by force or guile to his own religion ; he was acting in self-defence, and he stated the problem thus : The Jew and the Ghetto were one, as body and soul are one, until death did them part. Such was the Law of the Tribe. Now, if the Jew in a Western nation remained faithful to his tribe he could never become the loyal member of a democracy, for the interest of the clan would be always paramount ; it could not fail to order his conduct, both public and private. If, however, he did what in him lay to break with his tribe, he would then become a renegade, a nondescript, loathsome to those whom he left, suspected and strange to those whom he was endeavouring to join. Modern society knew no art by which to assimilate an Asiatic people living in the midst of it. And that Oriental clan was equally incapable of casting aside its own ingrained ethics, which regarded the alien as a lawful prey to usury in all its forms, and as a capital to be exploited to the last farthing.

There is an old Teuton word—I cannot call it a good old word—*die Judenhetze*, which may be rendered “hounding out the Jew” ; and it had undoubtedly a religious connotation. The Jew killed Christ ; therefore it was right to kill the Jew. That the Catholic Church did not bless or consecrate so terrible an enthymeme is well known to students of history. The late Professor Goldwin Smith (no friend to Catholics) observed on this point that “to the mediæval Church the Jew was an alien, not persecuted like the Christian heretic, though an object of religious aversion. In his penal homelessness he was regarded as a witness to revelation. The Canon Law shielded him from outrage and his children from forcible conversion. In the mediæval State he was the serf of the King, who protected him in his extortion, and went his partner in its fruits.”\* Common Christians, however, finding themselves victims of what the same Professor entitles the Hebrew “trade of tribal finance,” were glad to seize upon a pretext which their faith itself disowned ;

\* *The United Kingdom : a Political History*, Vol. I, p. 108.

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and even great wonder-working saints, as much venerated as Bernard of Clairvaux, could scarcely check the "madness of the people." But now the Anti-Semite declared against any *Judenhetze*, at all events in the Liberal West ; for east of the Rhine it was a slumbering instinct not hard to awaken. The name "Semite" left religion out of account. It had been chosen originally to designate a group of Asiatic tribes, speaking languages unlike the European while closely allied to one another in genius and structure. M. Renan drew a sharp difference in a very important dissertation between the race and the religion of Israel ; though he was much too keen-sighted a scholar and had travelled too widely not to have perceived that Jews in various countries exhibit the physical features of the people among whom they are domiciled, and with whom they cannot entirely escape alliances. He was a philologist, but also a philosopher ; when he gave to the term "Semite" a fresh currency and took from it as separable its religious shading, he did not need to be told that the Jewish race, even as all other races now living, was mixed and composite. A scholastic refinement will help us in a question not really abstruse, the distinction of matter and form. The elements in Jewry, considered on a Mendelian scheme, are exceedingly diverse ; but the spirit, type, character, due to long assimilation in the Ghetto by virtue of custom, language, and of course religion, cannot be mistaken. And the Semite behaviour towards "those without" is in the main determined by these antecedents. Race, though complex beyond scientific research, is real ; and *bon sang ne peut pas mentir*, blood will tell. To deny the broad difference between a nation still, after all its wanderings, Asian in fibre and outlook, and the European world as a whole, would be to miscalculate the forces by which humanity is carried onward. We must then conclude that the Anti-Semites were justified in affirming the existence of a Jewish Question.

Were they right in the solution which they proposed with such loud clamour and violence ? That is a more



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difficult and delicate inquiry. For the unhappy Jews themselves, at the close of the preceding century, it became a matter of life and death to find out the answer. Their embarrassment was extreme. As Hebrews they could not but strive to safeguard the ideals to which, during the most doleful periods, they had passionately clung. But they were moderns, too, living in an age of democracy, of enlightenment—of democracy which looked only to the individual, not regarding his origin; and of enlightenment which, if it was making short work of the Bible prized by Christians, would not spare the Talmud. These searchings of heart did not begin yesterday. They had been familiar in some degree to Moses Mendelssohn, the “morning star” of Judaism, when Lessing glorified him as “Nathan der Weise,” and when Herder taught in German tracts the Religion of Humanity. That ever-attractive Moses of the Eighteenth Century bade his people keep their religion, while adding to it the culture of the Gentiles. He practised reconciliation without surrender. But many who followed him threw off the fetters which their Rabbis had riveted on docile pupils; and the “Geist” prevailing in Berlin was not the Holy Ghost of either Testament. Of this falling away the most brilliant example is Heine, neither Jew nor Christian in his mode of construing life and art, but frankly heathen—a Greek of the decadence. Then we hear of Reforming Jews, of the Temple at Hamburg, of the large and growing movement in America, the neglect of Hebrew, the disuse of ritual customs, the desecration of the Sabbath, culminating after decades of controversy in resolutions passed at Philadelphia, by which national and Messianic aspirations were given up, and a religion not easily to be distinguished from the Unitarian was adopted. How would this end? Surely, “the chosen race with its covenant of circumcision and its tribal law” would melt into the vast new nation—a highly composite Corinthian brass—which America seems now to be developing, where Jew and Gentile shall exist no more. When the nation has been absorbed Jewry is but a reminiscence.

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Let this be taken as an axiom, for it is true and elementary. Take away the See of St. Peter, what would be left of the Catholic religion in a few generations? Less than that would remain of Judaism, were the tribe to disappear. Heine called Israel "the Swiss Guard of Deism." Yet all we have heard and read of Reformed Hebrews in any country tends to the conclusion that not Judaism but Islam furnishes now that uncompromising defence. The modern Jew has become pantheist with Heine, atheist with Marx, secularist with French Freemasons; the Hebrew people are neither of one mind nor simply faithful to the ancient creed which proclaimed that the God of Israel is the only God. These phenomena, spread over one hundred and forty years, prove that when the Jew yields himself to Western civilization his doom is sealed. He will not be converted to Christ and live. As a Jew he dies; and as a Liberal, a Secularist, a votary of science and evolution, he tends to swell the hosts of anarchy which bear as their standard the device, "Neither God nor Master." Such, in fact, is the outcome, even if like Renan's latter-day figure of Ecclesiastes, the sated millionaire, he expires in his palace of the Champs Elysées, fenced about with luxury and scorning the people.

Two ways of escape from so frightful a catastrophe seem to open. The Jew of goodwill may return to the Ghetto, not perhaps as it was, for even in Rome you would seek the Ghetto nor yet find it, but in spirit and in truth, by going back resolutely to the Talmud, reviving the most severe code of Rabbinism, and reacting with all the soul's energy, as in Maccabean days, against heathen Greek culture. I remember meeting, on an Atlantic liner, a worldly Jew, quite ignorant of the Bible, whose home was in New York. He had let his religion drop into the gulf where things fall that do not matter. "But lo," he said to me, "the Russian Government has driven thousands of old Talmudic Jews across the ocean; and my children will learn, in the synagogue, to be much stricter Israelites than ever I was." The reaction could not fail to set in.

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With redoubled force it sprang from the least cultivated among Eastern Jews, and from the Rabbis to whom the Talmud furnished a world of day-dreams, and the Shulchan Aruch had served as a Canon Law in perpetual use. The dreamers of prophetic mould were in fiction men resembling the Mordecai of George Eliot, in life akin to the marvellously gifted Claud Montefiore ; they could not be counted among these unsophisticated innocents ; but they felt with their brethren, and the situation is one that pierces the soul. For who, with a light heart, can renounce his inheritance ? There are moods when the sternest reformer sighs, and would be a child again. The Talmud—in so many respects worthy of our careful study, in so many others a house of confusion—is the rallying place of Israel. Not the Old Testament ; but this inspired commentary, with its infinite allusions, references, parables, allegories, and daring strokes, never chastened by the logic or the fine sense of limit which gave to Hellas the estate of intellect in fee simple. But a deep enthusiasm nourished on visions in the poverty, suffering, and seclusion of the Ghetto, was ever waiting to make of the Talmud a fortress, and of tradition a mother's appeal to Jewish hearts. Even moderate men, in no small measure desirous of reform—I will quote as an instance Heinrich Graetz—were far from unfriendly to the orthodox who could bring out their treasures, while the moderns had nothing but hope in a cloudy future to set before this ancient, this separate and proud people—proud in their very humiliation as a *ci-devant* aristocracy. The story of Breslau College, partly founded by Graetz, which I cannot give so much as in outline, bears witness to the extraordinary power of the Talmud ; and though German culture wields a continually increasing sway over minds drawn to the West by desire of knowledge, yet the Orient and the past keep a stronger hold on them. To sum up a fascinating but intricate story, the high Jewish authorities all over Europe do homage, real and sincere, to the ancient Rabbis whom they have succeeded ; and they will not loosen their hands from the tradition

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to which they were bred. That tradition is as distinct from the letter of the Old Testament as our School-theology and our Canon Law are distinct from the letter of the Gospels ; or, speaking more to the purpose, as the Golden Legend differs from the Epistles of St. Paul.

These, then, are Semites who, after looking forth from the Judengasse, have turned and barricaded themselves in, as did the Israelites under Mattathias, hating the Gentile wisdom, or allowing only so much of it as would leave their ritual with its application to every stage of human energy intact. If some hesitated, and were advocates of a very harmless comprehension or concordat between modern principles and this minutely-articulated law, the most part showed no disposition to grant even a slight indulgence. They were, as the French have it, *les vieux de la vieille*—they would rather die in their old Jewry than abandon it. Others—and to them we have come at last—did, in a certain fine sense, allow the Anti-Semite contention, not where it darkened the character of their kinsmen, but so far as it recognized and insisted on their peculiar inbred genius. True it was, said these idealists, that Israel has ever been a nation apart ; and so, according to Balaam's prophecy, it must ever be. This, however, makes for the world's enrichment ; it is no menace to civilization, but will contribute a resounding chord in the harmonious development of man. To Athens, Rome, Paris, London, New York, why not add Zion ? Zion to-day, no longer a memory at the Weeping Gate of Jerusalem, but a centre and a focus of light, whence all that is best in Hebrew lore might be spread among the nations ! Twenty years after George Eliot's prophecy the true Daniel Deronda came forth in the person of Theodor Herzl,\* an Hungarian Jew, born at Budapest, May 2nd, 1860. Herzl possessed all the fine qualities which in the English romance were attributed to the future captain of pilgrims journeying towards the Holy City. More versatile than Deronda, a man of the

\* I follow the present fashion, with which I do not agree, of equating the German and English letter *z*. But the name is pronounced Hertzl.

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world unlike Mordecai, this accomplished writer had already won a reputation in Viennese journalism and by his comedies on the stage. He had moved about between Constantinople and Paris, being correspondent and at last literary editor of the great Jewish newspaper, the *Neue Freie Presse*, which never shared his enthusiasm or countenanced his projects. It was in the year 1895, and at Paris, when the Dreyfus trouble brooded over France and Jewry, that Herzl composed the book which became, on its translation into English, a programme of the hitherto shadowy enterprise, long meditated upon but waiting still to be seriously undertaken, of restoring "the Holy Land to the Holy People." Not that this rather light-minded man of letters (he was called by profession a "feuilletonist") rose at a single bound to the height which he won before his early death on July 3rd, 1904. Herzl was governed by an overmastering conviction of the unity of the Hebrew people, however widely separated. He felt, we may be sure, that an incident like the Dreyfus tragedy might occur at any point where Jews congregated; that the Anti-Semite problem demanded a simple and universal solution; and, therefore, he proclaimed the necessity of a "Judenstaat," neutral, independent, representative, to which the Beni-Israel might resort as their home.

In the volume bearing this title, religious motives were not paraded, while the author's grasp of history was feeble. He smote, nevertheless, on a chord which had been sounding, though with uncertain power, age after age in the Hebrew memory, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" How far back do these lamentations, these elegiac "Songs of Zion," carry the mind? They are very ancient. They tell of Jerusalem desolate, her sons and daughters in exile by the rivers of Babylon, captives in a strange land, but their hope never quenched of a return that should be the doing of God Himself, no longer angry with His people. I remember the sense of pity that breathed upon me out of Jeremiah's verses when first I read them; "In those

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days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping ; they shall go, and seek the Lord their God. They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, ' Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant.' ”\* Many centuries of exile had they endured since Babylon ; but their longing for the “ distant Dove ” would not die away. In the Liturgy prayers gave it a voice ; the Messianic hope was bound up in its fulfilment ; the “ Zionides,” those pathetic songs of desire, floated down the years ; and consummate poets, chief among them Jehuda Halevi, found a sad pleasure in touching David’s harp to this melancholy yet inspiring music. The orthodox believed in a future triumphant Zion ; for, they argued, away from its towers and while the Temple lay buried under the Mosque of Omar, how could the Law be duly kept ? The Almighty had dictated every jot and tittle of it for an everlasting observance ; then He had scattered the nation, making sacrifice impossible ; to Himself He owed it, that when Messiah came, Deity and Temple should be restored. Nothing could be more truly orthodox in idea than Zionism ; it was, if any prophetic anticipation deserved that name among Jews, an article of faith. And Herzl, who had moved upon modern and political reasonings, before long arrived at the conclusion that the return to Palestine would be preceded or followed by a strong revival of Judaism. Contrary in effect to Renan’s attempted severance of race and religion, Herzl was fated to learn that they could not be divided. Let us keep this clue in hand ; we shall need it soon.

There had been projects, and even attempts, in the past to deliver Israel from its homeless condition of a tramp or a parasite—ugly words, descriptive of an ugly thing—but they came to naught. When the Jews were finally driven from Spain, certain refugees fled to Jerusalem, where the Ottoman governor opened to them an

\* This Chapter 50 is given by modern critics to a late redaction of the Prophet Jeremiah.



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asylum ; for amity has prevailed with rare exceptions between the sons of Isaac and the sons of Ishmael. Much more noteworthy, and indeed astonishing, was the world-wide return set on foot during that episode of fanaticism and folly to which Sabbatai Zevi, the false Messiah of Smyrna, has lent a strange glamour, not yet quite faded, in the year of Christ, 1666. The movement took hold of Jews in every nation from Anatolia to Britain. Its deified hero, Sabbatai, his brain turned by study of the Kabbala, was recognized as King of Israel, enthroned for a moment in Palestine, worshipped by his votaries in Holland ; he won support from English Millenarians or Fifth Monarchy men, and affected the Stock Exchange of London and Amsterdam ; but he fell almost as suddenly as he had risen. He apostatized from his own faith after dictating to its disciples as a law-giver, and died in banishment at Dulcigno in the year 1675, being counted among Mohammedans. But while the delusion lasted, "Back to Zion" was the cry. Many realized their property, unroofed their houses, and set out as pilgrims on the paths leading to Jerusalem. No such universal stirring of the Hebrews in exile had taken place, it would appear, since the great rally under Bar-Cochba, which ended in the Emperor Hadrian's fiat of destruction against what was left by Titus of the Holy City. None like it was to follow until Theodor Herzl rose, with his demand for a Jewish national State, a Belgium of the East, the meeting-place of European civilization and of an awakening Orient.

Straightway, Herzl was compared to Sabbatai Zevi. He could not be drawn into the quarrel, more and more embittered by an infusion of German rationalism, which the Rabbis had long been prosecuting on behalf of their Talmud, with men addicted to the *Zohar* and the *Sepher ha-Yetzira*. For a thorough modern like Herzl the Kabbala held no revelation. And still, the comparison might be fairly made. Now, as in the days of the false Messiah of Smyrna, the whole future of Israel was at stake. With every attempt to set up a Hebrew State



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among the world's distinct political powers the Messianic problem revived. It had slept for ages. The Sanhedrin, the "monarchs of commerce," the Universal Israelite Alliance, had never wished to "reckon the times of the Messiah." Neither religion nor finance encouraged apocalyptic dreams. And the Reformed Jews, especially in America, felt strong reluctance to favour an eastward movement which they thought mere and mischievous dilettantism, playing at Old Testament scenes in an era of progress. The extreme parties joined in opposing Herzl, though by no means from identical motives, yet each keenly alive to the interests and the perils involved if this mounting wave carried the nation with it.

To colonizing the fertile portions of Palestine objection was not seriously taken. For that purpose more than one society was in existence already, such as the Chovevei Zion; in 1862 Hess had written a work, *Rome and Jerusalem*, which looked for the regeneration of Judaism by its children settled in their old home. The historian Graetz followed with an essay on "Rejuvenescence," declaring that the nation was, and should be, its own Messiah, not waiting for miracles or any individual Redeemer. An eccentric Englishman, whose adventures bore him from Japan to America, the religious enthusiast Laurence Oliphant, claims a passing mention here, thanks to his enterprise at Haifa, which owed its origin to a belief in the *Parousia*, calculated by Thomas Lake Harris to be near at hand. Other tokens of a Zionist movement before Herzl took it up were discernible in Russia, Germany, France, and the United States. To the Anti-Semite danger only a passive resistance had been offered by the leading Rabbis and the Jewish millionaires. But the growing sense of nationality, due in the West to a certain idealism of which George Eliot had caught the lineaments, and in Central and South-Eastern Europe to local oppression, combined with the spectacle of small but ancient peoples throwing off the Turkish bonds—this, I say, demanded something more. The colonizer, the humanitarian, the poet, the heir of Messianic hopes, came

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together at Herzl's loud summons ; for he spoke to the heart of Israel. In a little while Europe, though shamefully ignorant of modern Hebrew, found itself watching a debate and a struggle of which the terms were at once familiar and strange. Politics assumed an air of prophecy shortly to be fulfilled. Jerusalem became a question of the day. This Hungarian Mordecai travelled to London, and the East End Jews gave him a commission to build up again the walls of Zion. Our English Puritans practised their arithmetic on St. John's Revelation with an eagerness which repeated miscalculations had not succeeded in damping down. And the Anti-Semite was perplexed.

So, indeed, was the whole of Jewry ; and so it remains until this present hour, when the Turk has gone out of the Holy City and the Briton reigns in his stead. Herzl—it is too often the fate of pioneers—did not live to see this consummation which he would surely have welcomed. Holding always in principle to the absolute separation of Church and State, he might well have anticipated that an agreement, on a “purely political and mercantile basis,” would be more feasible with an English régime in Palestine than with a Mohammedan power by which the Jewish nation could never be viewed except in the light of the Jewish Church. However, this truly great man died in his forty-fifth year, on July 3rd, 1904, worn out by heroic efforts in the cause of a regenerate Judaism, and a martyr to ideals which many of his brethren fiercely rejected. He journeyed far and wide, held congress after congress with remarkable power and a high sense of statesmanship, was admitted to interviews with Sultan Abdul Hamid, and stood bareheaded before the Kaiser, who received him to an audience in Jerusalem, himself on horseback in crusader's habiliments. Year by year the number of Zionists grew, until they amounted to nearly a quarter of a million. As we might expect, Russia, tormented by pogroms and afflicted with a “Jewish Pale,” or zone of social quarantine, headed the list ; while Austria-Hungary and Rumania contributed in proportion.

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The most violent opposition came from German-Jews, devoted to the Empire; and from the American Reformed, one of whom declared with brutal frankness, "America is our Jerusalem and Washington our Zion." Among Germans the Rabbinate was, on the whole, decidedly hostile; the leader of the Liberal Jews, Geiger, went so far as to invoke the "German national conscience," and to draw the conclusion that if Hebrews became citizens of Zion they could no longer enjoy the same civil rights in the Fatherland. To these arguments it was added, by no small number in Western Europe, that Judæa belonged to the past, and that they were determined not to sacrifice the culture they had won by divorcing themselves or their children from its advantages. Herzl told the orthodox Russian Rabbis that they were still imprisoned in the Ghetto. These other cultivated Westerns retorted in effect that the New Jerusalem, as he would find out, was only a larger Ghetto. The "pelting Jewish separateness," from which they had suffered so much, they were resolved not to make eternal and irrevocable. Men of whom Lucien Wolf is a striking instance, while Heine was their harbinger, turned from the narrow conception, as they deemed it, of a nation barred in by its own tradition, the willing victim of dead history, to the cosmopolite and Liberal idea, which sees in freedom and education untrammelled the possibility of a Human Era, the Federation of Mankind, where nations, tongues, and tribes shall be absorbed into a higher unity.

Of Theodor Herzl it has been written that "as a liberator of his people from mental and moral serfdom he stands almost unique in Jewish annals." That is great praise. We will take it as it was intended, for the words do not glance at the New Testament. To the Russian Hebrews and, in general, to those of Eastern Europe, a man who called them Zionwards, opening the gates of their captivity or loosening their bars, may well have borne the semblance of a temporal saviour. True also it is that intellect was roused, art stimulated, and character ennobled, by the preaching of an enterprise wherein the

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whole nation must work together if they dreamt of succeeding. The deadly charge of parasitism could thus, and thus only, be refuted, by one splendid adventure. Herzl was but echoing the challenge set forth in the pages of *Daniel Deronda*, "Let the reason of Israel disclose itself in a great outward deed, and let there be another great migration, another choosing of Israel to be a nationality whose members may still stretch to the ends of the earth." He aimed at "securing by legal charter a home in Palestine for the Jewish people."

So long, however, as this remained a distant hope he was willing to accept from any Government a territory which might serve as a "Freiland"—a sort of intermediate Land of Goshen, where his kindred would escape from servitude and rule over themselves. To that policy Mr. I. Zangwill and Dr. Max Nordau were consenting—men whom none would suspect of disloyalty to the supreme aspiration, which was always "Zion Regained." There is something significant, to me at least, in the perpetual failure which attended on this compromise. No eligible region could be got, in spite of generous offers from the Egyptian and the British Governments. The solution of a most fascinating, but not less difficult, problem was discoverable neither in the Peninsula of Sinai nor on the African uplands. Controversies, marked by all the vehemence and obstinacy which Jews have ever brought to their interchange of ideas, went on from year to year without reaching a definite conclusion. Herzl died, Zionism fell into a decline, and Turkey underwent the singular "pickle-herring tragedy" of a revolution which professed to make of its many discordant peoples a nation "one and indivisible." In such a Frenchified Ottoman Empire no room was to be found for the most self-regarding of ancient or modern tribes. The staging of this national embrace—*Seid umschlungen, Millionen*—by the Young Turks was effective, and Europe burst into applause. Then came a killing frost. The Balkan Wars revealed how little strength was hid in demonstrations of fraternity; chaos ruled the

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fray ; and a few months afterwards the trumpets of Armageddon announced that all the separate problems of diplomacy had melted into a single question, " Shall the German Kaiser be Lord of the World ? "

On the answer depends, among ten thousand other contingencies, the fate of Zionism. The liberty which Herzl and his friends passionately sought will be lost for ever if *Deutschtum* prevails, lost in Palestine as in Europe. We need not pursue that alternative. Let us take to our hearts a more humane presentiment and imagine the Kaiser meeting his Waterloo, the British holding Jerusalem when the Parliament of Man assembles, and the petition drafted by the illustrious Jew of Hungary laid on the table for discussion. Will the universal conscience approve of the " *Judenstaat* ? " Were the whole Jewish people of one mind in asking that it should be set up, the Congress would certainly be impressed. But we have seen how far the Rabbinate, the high financiers, the Reformed, and the advocates of modern culture, have been from agreement with a return to Zion ; and how differing motives, but all of no little gravity, unite them in an opposition which, after twenty-two years, holds good and has even gained momentum, while the Zionist party is broken into many sections. There is yet no common understanding, but only a vague desire that Israel should be once more established in the Land of Promise. Even the zealots of the Law do not desire it, in spite of their liturgical tradition. For to rebuild the Temple on its original site is impossible ; and who would dream in our civilized epoch of renewing the ancient sacrifices ? The strict observance of things once central and essential can never be again. Herzl demanded, therefore, a secular State, in which Jews of conflicting opinions and practices might dwell together in unity. How long would such unity last ? The first Sabbath would show it to be hollow and unreal ; much more the social customs and literary pursuits of men to most of whom the Talmud was everything, to others nothing.

And here Ludwig Geiger intrudes again with his

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dilemma of the double nationality. Are all Jews everywhere to be citizens of the State of Zion? Will any modern nation, especially after the experience we have gone through before and since the war, permit those who claim its protection to be naturalized at home and likewise in Palestine? We cannot fancy Jews in the West giving up their privileges for the sake of being inscribed in the *Libro d'Oro* kept on Mount Zion. If they did, by that surrender they would become "resident-alien" all over the world outside Jewry. On the other hand, suppose every man to whom honour or profit accrues by staying away from the Holy Land to decline its citizenship, then the "great migration" which George Eliot called for would dwindle into a pilgrimage of indigent uncultured Russian Jews. It was a conviction not unlike this which led Moses Mendelssohn to say mournfully that there was not vigour enough in Israel to found a State. And where would a Jewish army come from?

The conscience of mankind, we must infer, does not declare it expedient or just to make trial of a political adventure on so large a scale, against the fixed resolve of a nation and its leaders, despite the romance, the pathetic setting, the long-cherished but deluding hope, to which Zionism owes its charm. I have refrained from speaking of other considerations, which the Parliament of all peoples would be unable to pass by. The nations of Christendom have their share in the glory—the Shekinah—which dwells upon Zion as a lightsome cloud; when we have named the Holy Sepulchre and called up in remembrance the Crusades, what more need we remark on a subject so profoundly arresting? There is a vast Mohammedan world besides, to which Jerusalem is sacred. Two thousand years of history cannot be blotted from the human scroll. To forget them would be, in Christian eyes, the violation of justice and unendurable. The reconciliation we long to see between all those who love the name of Zion and who pray for her peace, will take the whole chronicle of time into account.

Since the "Judenstaat" proves in this way to be an

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impossible solution of the problem before us, and Jews can neither be sent into banishment nor denied the rights of citizens under our democratic constitutions, we are brought irresistibly to the single way out, which is that of ordered freedom for all. The closed State, be it England, France, or Palestine, though it were plausible in fancy, is not civilized, and how can it be defended as Christian ? The Holy Land must lie open to pilgrims whencesoever they come. If the children of Israel choose to make it their home again, the British Government will do all in its power by way of helping them to prosper. A day may perhaps arrive when the wilderness under their care shall blossom as the rose ; when millions, speaking the Hebrew tongue and singing with joy the songs of Zion, shall go up to Jerusalem and there keep the Passover, even as in years far distant. These will be the fruits of freedom and the common law. So perhaps the true intent of Zionism, the aspirations of Theodor Herzl, and the best answer to Anti-Semite difficulties, will meet in one fulfilment, while the grander reconciliation draws silently near.

WILLIAM BARRY.



# THE AMBASSADOR OF TRUTH\*

## I.

**M**R. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, when America's Minister in Copenhagen, bore witness to the black mark made by the Kaiser against Catholic names if diplomatic appointments of moment were in the making. Catholics, with their dual fealty to Heaven and their own spot of earth, were not of the malleable material a German Foreign Ministry might otherwise command. When, for a fixed purpose—to compliment the Catholic Polish nobles, and to place in England, as a blind, an ambassador who, like all Poles, had a kindness for the English—the Kaiser sent Prince Lichnowsky to London, he departed from a boycott which henceforth, one imagines, will be binding. If, therefore, as Englishmen, we welcome the Prince's amazingly timely memorandum as the final witness to our national good faith, our love of peace, our loathing of war, we have, as Catholics, another and a more intimate and possessive pride in the man, a main actor in the first acts of the world-tragedy, who was, by his position, the witness-in-chief against us if we were to be arraigned, and who has turned instead Kaiser's evidence—against the Kaiser.

In this pamphlet of forty pages Prince Lichnowsky bears unwilling but deadly witness to the guilt of the German Government—in that they planned and wanted the war. Looking back upon the two years he spent in London, seeing the falsity of his position, the Prince writes these terrible words: "I had to support a policy the heresy of which I recognized. That brought vengeance on me, because it was a sin against the Holy Ghost." And he had meant so well—and everything at first had seemed to promise him success in the work of that reconciliation between the two countries on which his heart was set. He found Sir Edward Grey eager to

\* *My Mission in London, 1912-1914.* By Prince Lichnowsky. (Cassell.)

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meet him more than half-way, and anxious to remove all causes of friction and misunderstanding with Germany, to complete the work which had been so successfully accomplished in the case of France and Russia. Germany claimed "a place in the sun," and the British Government hastened to peg out for her new spheres of influence in two continents. It was understood that Portugal was willing to part with her colonies in Africa for a suitable price. Subject to the consent of the Government at Lisbon, Great Britain was ready to sanction the transfer of vast territories to the German flag.

The question of the Portuguese colonies had been made the subject of an agreement some years before, but the Prince was far more successful than his predecessor. He tells us that, thanks to "the accommodating attitude" of the British Government, he was able to secure a treaty which accorded fully with "the wishes and interests" of Germany: "The whole of Angola up to the 20th degree of latitude was assigned to us, so that we stretched up to the Congo State from the south; we also acquired the valuable islands of San Thomé and Príncipe, which are north of the Equator and therefore really in the French sphere of influence, a fact which caused my French colleague to enter strong but unavailing protests. Further, we obtained the northern part of Mozambique; the Licango formed the border." But the treaty thus successfully negotiated was never fulfilled: "Sir E. Grey was willing to sign only *if the agreement were published together with those of 1898 and 1899*. England had, as he said, no other secret treaties besides these, and it was contrary to established principles to keep binding agreements secret. Therefore he could not make any agreement without publishing it. He was, however, willing to accede to our wishes with regard to the time and manner of publication, provided that such publication took place within one year from the date of signature."

Germany refused to allow the treaty to be made public, and so the whole arrangement fell through. Why did Berlin thus sacrifice an agreement which was the result

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of so many months of negotiations, and "admittedly offered extraordinary advantages"? The Prince answers his own question by a suggestion of the sinister jealousy with which his diplomatic successes were regarded by some at home. Perhaps there was another reason. The publication of that treaty would have put an end at once to the whole campaign of calumny which had been poisoning the minds of the German people against Great Britain for so many years. In the face of such a treaty it would have been clearly impossible to talk any more about England's policy of "encircling Germany" and denying her a "place in the sun."

But the disappointed Ambassador persevered; foiled in one continent he tried in another, and baffled in Africa transferred his activities to Asia. The British Government again showed itself amiable and anxious to please. Concession followed concession, until at last it seems that all the questions at issue between England and Germany had been finally straightened out. So that when, in June of the fatal summer of 1914, the Prince was summoned to meet the Kaiser at Kiel, he had a wonderful story of success to tell, and, above all, he carried with him the heads of an agreement by which the British Foreign Office yielded all Mesopotamia, as far as the junction of the Tigris with the Euphrates, as a zone of German influence. The dream of the Pan-Germans of a railway from Berlin to Bagdad lagged behind the actual achievements of their Ambassador, who had secured the consent of Sir Edward Grey to an extension of the line from Bagdad to Basra. Thus, convinced that the British Government was earnestly anxious for peace and eager for a good understanding with Germany, the Ambassador joined the Kaiser at Kiel. Here, as the *Tablet* pointed out when the first instalment of the Lichnowsky revelations appeared in the *Times*, the Ambassador found himself in a new atmosphere—in an atmosphere of war. When he congratulated the Imperial Chancellor on the improved outlook and on the fact that "our relations with England were better than they had been for a very long

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time past," while a Pacifist Ministry was in power in France, he was met with gloomy remarks about the Russian armaments. Lichnowsky answered that if Russia was on the war-path she would get no support from England and France, "as both countries wanted peace." Then he heard of Austria's monstrous demands from Serbia, and that the German Ambassador in Vienna had been rebuked by his own Government because he had counselled moderation. Herr von Jagow explained to him that the more firmly Germany stood by Austria, the more certainly Russia would draw back, and he was also told "there would be no great harm if a war with Russia were to result." The Prince began to understand that his Government meant to have war. Serbia accepted all the Austrian demands except two, and even in regard to these two offered to submit to arbitration. Lichnowsky comments: "If Russia and England had wanted war, in order to fall upon us, a hint to Belgrade would have been sufficient, and the unheard-of [Austrian] Note would have remained unanswered." Then the Ambassador met Sir Edward Grey, and the two considered Serbia's reply, together exploring every path that might lead to peace. The British Minister was hopeful, and trusted to a proposal for mediation even at the eleventh hour. Prince Lichnowsky says: "Given good-will, everything could have been settled in one or two sittings. . . . Of course, it would have needed only a hint from Berlin to make Count Berchtold satisfy himself with a diplomatic success and put up with the Serbian reply. But this hint was not given. On the contrary, we pressed for war." Then he goes on to say that the attitude of the German Foreign Office was explicable only on one supposition—"that we desired war in all circumstances." When the violation of the neutrality of Belgium made war with England inevitable the Ambassador received his passports. "A special train took us to Harwich, where I was treated like a departing Sovereign. Thus ended my London mission. It was wrecked, not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our policy." Then sum-

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ming up the whole case, he points out that Germany encouraged Austria to attack Serbia, "although no German interest was involved"; it was Germany that rejected the British proposals for mediation, "when an agreement could easily have been reached"; finally, he says: "On July 30th, when Count Berchtold wanted to give way, we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilization by sending an ultimatum to Petersburg, and on July 31st we declared war on the Russians, although the Tsar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued not a man should march—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement." The Ambassador's conclusion is that it is not surprising that "the whole world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world-war."

It is impossible to overrate the importance of this historic document—a document which proves to demonstration Germany's guilty planning of the war. For this is not a case of a man volunteering to traduce his own country or afflicted with the malady known as "the anti-patriotic bias." The Lichnowsky memorandum was intended by the Prince for the satisfaction of a few private friends, and written for the vindication of his memory in the eyes of those who should come after him. It was only the indiscretion of a member of the German General Staff, who took copies of this private and essentially confidential document, that eventually led to its publication. In its main contention the Prince's Memorandum has since been fully corroborated by the admissions of Herr von Jagow and Dr. Mühlen.

J. G. SNEAD-COX.

## II.

That the Prince was a keen observer of social conditions, and a shrewd judge of men, is abundantly shown by his memorandum of the influences surrounding Ministers in England, and by the pen-portraits he gives of our leading statesmen. These are evidence of his own

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balance of mind ; by their "sweet reasonableness" they would have delighted Matthew Arnold : "The King, though not a genius, is a simple and well-meaning man with sound common sense"—frankly desirous of furthering a good understanding between his cousin's country and his own. Sir Edward Grey, who, although "he does not know foreign countries at all, and has never left England except for a short visit to Paris," and does not speak French, the Prince describes as "fully conversant with all important questions, owing to his long Parliamentary experience and his natural insight." On his week-ends, "he is mostly by himself in his cottage in the New Forest, where he takes long walks to study birds and their ways, being a passionate lover of nature and an ornithologist. Or sometimes he goes to his estate in the north, where he feeds the squirrels that come in at the windows, and breeds different species of water-fowl. His favourite pastime is fishing in Scottish rivers : 'All the rest of the year I am looking forward to it.' On one occasion, when we spent a week-end with him alone at Lord Glenconner's, near Salisbury, he arrived on a bicycle, and returned to his cottage about thirty miles distant in the same way. The simplicity and honesty of his ways secured him the esteem even of his opponents. Lies and intrigue are equally repugnant to him." That is the portrait by which Lord Grey of Falloden will care to go down to posterity, drawn by the man who should see in him only an arch-deceiver and the falsest of foes, if Germany's forcing-on of the war had been in any way justifiable. "This is a true picture," avers the Prince, "of the man who is decried (in Germany) as Liar-Grey and the instigator of the world war."

Alertly alive to both the personal and the political paradox presented by the Foreign Minister, the Prince passes on to Mr. Asquith, "a jovial *bon-vivant*, fond of the ladies, especially the young and pretty ones," in order to declare him "a Pacifist like his friend Grey, favouring an understanding with Germany." He adds : "During the critical days of July, Mrs. Asquith repeatedly came

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to warn us, and in the end she was quite distraught at the tragic turn of events. Mr. Asquith also, when I called on him to make a last effort in the direction of neutrality, was quite broken, though quite calm. Tears were coursing down his cheeks." So it was not Mr. Winston Churchill alone whose eyes filled with tears when war was declared. A final word was due to the great, if subordinate, part of peacemaker played by Sir William Tyrrell: "Grey's private secretary possessed far greater influence than the Permanent Under-Secretary." How "this highly intelligent man, who had been at school in Germany," used that influence is made plain: "He became a convinced advocate of an understanding, and he furthered Grey, with whom he was very intimate, in this direction."

An Englishman sits ill for his portrait on all occasions. But the Prince's were unconscious sitters; they showed themselves in their daily habit to the Ambassador whom circumstance has turned into a portrayer; and now all personal issues and feelings fade before the high political relevance and import of these happy sketches. The Prince, too, knows himself a performer who is lost in the greatness of his part; and he will pardon accordingly a poor attempt to fill in, however crudely, some outlines of his own character and career as they presented themselves to English observers during his two years' stay in London.

Prince Charles Max Lichnowsky had a great liking—nobody perhaps has really a great love—for London. He was happy in its historic houses, and, helped by his wife, he made the Embassy in Carlton House Gardens the haunt of the most charming, witty, and well-informed men and women of the world. Even M. Cambon, old-established, and with all his French social prestige, had to look to his laurels as an entertainer. The Prince's English preferences extended to his covering—his clothes were always cut in London; he had in their regard the concern of a man always dapper without being dandified. He was a good shot; but he had a slight impediment—



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something amiss with a foot, which kept him from the ruder activities of sport. His manner and his bearing were as little German as his garb. As a companion he was ever—what, indeed, his Memorandum declares him to be—light in hand. There was nothing heavy or stolid about him, spirit, body, or mind. Perhaps his large head had the effect of diminishing his height, which was something above the medium. His cousinship with Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador in London, was a friendship as well. The two men used to *tutoyer* one another; and their mutual exchanges of confidence may easily have helped to inform the German Ambassador as to the real trend of events.

He was twenty-five when he first came to London as an attaché. That was in 1885; and nine years later he left diplomacy, married a Bavarian, the Countess Mechtilde Arco-Zinneberg, and settled on his property, where he became assured of what he had always suspected—that he had a calling to the home-life of a country gentleman and a devoted husband and father.

When, after more than a decade's interval, he came again to London in 1912, the Prince seemed to have attained his full maturity. Even his looks had improved. A lady to whose charms the passage of time had but made additions, and whom he told so on their first re-meeting, made the retort courteous. He questioned—how had time been kind also to him? She was all candour: "You were ugly when you were here before, and now you are not." "No," he said decisively, "never ugly—only unusual"; and his friend knew on the instant that he, rather than she, had said the exactly fitting word. And the gay little passage illustrated just that impersonality of judgment, that disinterested aloofness, which later he was able to apply so memorably to the affairs of his larger self—his own country.

The Prince was a quick reader, particularly of the yellow-backs "most impudently French." The Princess, for her part, read more seriously—she read *The Little Flower*; and on the table by her bed, on the last night she

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slept in London, beside her rosary was Francis Thompson's *Life of St. Ignatius*. If the Christian's attitude towards much in modern life must be that of looking backward two thousand years, the Princess, perhaps, found relief from any strain in that posture as a Futurist in art—such is the title by which the Future is most vainly pledged. True, the future of her children, two boys and a girl, was her real outlook; for she was a devoted mother, and her impulsive domesticities on at least one occasion flouted all the conventions of courts—moments, she had, when she would have gone gloveless to the caravans! For wildness she fell back on the weird Post-Impressionist panels ranged at intervals round the skirting of her most intimate apartments. Into their alien company came at the last moment—with what dignity and decorum in the contrast—a reproduction of Sargent's drawing of Miss Elizabeth Asquith, together with a hurried line of *bon voyage* and speedy return from the sender.

Speedy return! The Lichnowskys will return no more, unless it be as welcome additions to London's private life. Whether any German ambassador shall again be received—if he is to be sent, according to this sorry precedent, merely as a blind, and if he be chosen, after this sharp Lichnowsky lesson, for his lack of conscience—is a problem which, with a multitude of others, must be left to an hereafter still impenetrably veiled.

O.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

IN his *Eminent Victorians* (Chatto & Windus) Mr. Lytton Strachey sets out to be a sort of Nietzsche among biographers. And it is not merely that pity is an ingredient to which he gives the go-by—that he has no compassion on the multitude or on the picked four of whom he treats. He has his cold triumphs in the maimings and twistings which his own hand inflicts on the subjects of his dissection. Biographies, however incomplete they always are, can at least be true as far as they go; but Mr. Strachey's suppressions falsify. They tell part of a story which can and must be told fully to be intelligible; and, much as we might pardon, and even enjoy, the application of a caustic to the sentimentalities that creep into popularly accepted biographies, we find in Mr. Lytton Strachey's ink an acid that eats into the very heart of life.

If no man is a hero to his valet, so much the worse for the valet. Mr. Strachey comes to the consideration of his subjects with something more misleading than a valet's vulgarity. If, of the hundred men in every man, he finds one weaker than the rest, he leaves the ninety-and-nine, and fixes on the poor hundredth, not, indeed, to succour but to expose him. He cannot see the Jekyll for the Hyde. His picture of Cardinal Manning, the first of the four, is unrecognizable to any who knew the original. Every man who becomes an official loses, perhaps, something in the transition, as George Eliot knew when she drew her Savonarola. It is loss for somebody's gain. Cardinal Manning, the greatest idealist of his generation, had to give up more than most in the contacts with others that often meant contests. Lover of peace, he had to contend. St. Paul withstood St. Peter to the face—a suggestive phrase, and the record is made for our instruction. But if the whole Gospel had been given up to that disagreement! If that had been the first and the last and the only memory of them! Then we should have had precisely the same outrage committed

## Eminent Victorians

on our sense of proportion that we now experience when we read of Manning's dissent from Newman, or of Newman's temper in his relations with Manning. Mr. Strachey adopts the too stale device of coming as near as he may to praising any man who is a Christian, in his praises of the Birmingham Cardinal, in order to form a foil for his London brother. Any stick is good enough to belabour Manning with, even that worn-out weapon. A man of affairs must needs be no less unlucky at times in his friends than in his foes. Monsignor Talbot had an instinct for Manning, and, being in Rome, might have been useful, except that—as he pathetically realized—silence in his case was a better abatement than speech. But that pathos makes no appeal to Mr. Strachey, who remembers Monsignor Talbot's saying: "What is the province of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain." That formula appeals to Mr. Strachey—because it too is a travesty of Catholics and of Catholicism. It had no acceptance in "one small house in Nazareth"; nor by, say, St. Francis of Assisi, nor that more strait disciplinarian, St. Ignatius Loyola, a laymen still when, for ecclesiastical reform, he founded the Society. The "padded walls" to which Monsignor Talbot had in time to be removed are mentioned by Mr. Strachey without pity—a sort of just judgment, one supposes his madness to be, instead of an explanation of foolishness which it excuses, and any merriment over which is surely extinguished in tragedy.

Characteristic of all the rest is Mr. Strachey's allusion to Manning in his later years as supported by cushions. Never was there a man who adhered so consistently as he to the hard seatage, of the evangelical women even, among early Victorians. The present writer has heard him speak disparagingly of a priest whom he had once seen reclining on a sofa! Up to the last he sat upright, or stood upright, as I saw him three evenings before his death. A fighter to the last he had to be, the sacrifice, and a supreme one in his case, which the workaday man must make in that institutional side of religion which some-

## Some Recent Books

how or other offers to the Peters and the Pauls of all times so many opportunities for conscientious differences of policy, of opinion, of financial calculations even. Perhaps the allusion made in Manning's *Life* to his being propped up by pillows to make his last profession of faith misled Mr. Strachey. Well, even that record of an incident that really took place would itself mislead him. For Manning was so exalted in spirit that even a matter-of-course form like that final one was irksome to him. Herbert Vaughan, whose suggestions to the dying Archbishop that it should no longer be delayed had met with no favouring assent, himself summoned the Canons and announced their presence as a ban on further postponement. Thus may the pillows needed to support the departing Cardinal, who even then resented them, pass into story as the cushions of free choice over a term of years.

Even the cushions of an octogenarian might, one supposes, be left out of a picture in which there is no space for the ascetic accessories that were the only properties with which Manning may be appropriately staged. But that is the least of Mr. Strachey's offences. The details about Florence Nightingale's last days lack the dignity and the delicacy which is every woman's due in life—above all, in death. Beside the Cardinal and Miss Nightingale, we have Dr. Arnold and General Gordon to complete the quartette. Arnold, dying in 1842, was little enough a Victorian; but he must come in because he is a Christian of whom easy mockery may be made. General Gordon—the best of Mr. Strachey's sketches, and a very telling one incidentally—has for its main purpose the exposure of weakness and fantasy in the character of a man who was nothing if he was not religious. Mr. Strachey, who would vastly have preferred him to be nothing, gives us a picture of Gordon shut away in his tent with his open Bible and his open bottle of brandy—of course concomitants! If Mr. Strachey's outlook on life is a normal one, if the four eminent Victorians are no more than pious mountebanks, if even the subsidiary General Simpson, taker of Sebastopol, has nothing left to

## The Pretty Lady

his memory but the legend of a red nose—then tell us what refuge is left for mankind that shuns suicide except a monastery ?  
W.

AN annoyed interest has been aroused by Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest book, *The Pretty Lady* (Cassell), because the psychology of the courtesan, with whom it is mainly concerned, is offered to the public as "Catholic," and may therefore be regarded by inexperienced readers as representative. Personally, we found the book so ill-knit, so unexpectedly cheap in literary manner, and so devoid of result, that we had to focus attention by seeking for its motive. After all, that needed explanation. Mr. Bennett's studies of the Five Towns were valuable, though not even they, we understand, were really representative. *The Card* and *The Regent* were immensely entertaining. Why so abrupt a fall from that good level ? Then we remembered *The Grand Babylon*, and how we found it delicious as long as we supposed it a carefully ironical version of the shilling shocker ; and how intolerable, when it proved a mere pot-boiler. Is the *Pretty Lady*, then, just that, flavoured with rancid condiments for more jaded palates ? Or is it, indeed, meant for a study of war-time London ? If so, it is a worse book than we thought, for there is nothing at which it does not sneer. Anyone can do these hysterical society women, these cross club-men, these elegant staff-officers, these committees, bazaars, and promenades. To see only that, is silly ; to see, but eliminate, the rest, is anti-social and anti-patriotic, and a sin which should long ago have been scourged out of all save the "incurable." Even the pictures of the private and the munition-girl are blackened and indecent with pessimism. Does Mr. Bennett really intend to portray the "mysterious and slow workings of conscience" (as the publisher's puff has it) in the elderly sensualist with a talent for accounts, the neurotic girls, and the prostitute, who most occupy his canvas ? Surely not. Not here is he worrying about consciences. *Sonia* did something of that, and this is in part a counterblast to *Sonia*. And

## Some Recent Books

even in realism, he is whole worlds away from Balzac. So we conclude that this book, in so far as it is no mere catch-penny, expresses the exasperation a materialist might find in the spiritual phenomena which the war has so markedly elicited, and which direct minds and aspirations so strongly towards Catholicism. Thereby the book does gain a significance. Spiritual manifestations are here presented, and continued, as thriving, one would say exclusively, in a sodden soil of sense. The funeral of Lord Roberts is shown as a climax of illusory sensationalism. The drunken soldier exhibits to Christine, at the least propitious moment, his mascot—a badge of the Sacred Heart. His sad voice summons her, telepathically, from the hectic night-club dance; she finds him; but they only reach her flat. In the Mons retreat he has had a vision more august than of angels, and in the night he tells her of it. Above all, she constantly intertwines her “devotion” to Our Lady with the carrying out of her career. Observation easily shows us that the co-existence of seemingly incompatible moods, desires, and emotions, is no new or strange phenomenon. Especially when an illegitimately vehement strain has been long imposed, and then suddenly removed, irresistible and conflicting reactions are simultaneously released, and nothing need be said against the substantial character of any of them. This holds good even in personalities governed, on the whole, by principle. Nothing much, of course, was to be expected from a self-flatterer like G. J. Hoape; all can be understood, and forgiven, in this drunkard-mystic; all, alas, in Christine, victim of the violent contradictions of her upbringing, and then of the extraordinary dissipation of personality which attends on her melancholy trade. A life ruled only by the most insane conventions, the necessity of raising rent, and emotions gone to rot, issues inevitably into the disintegration even of thought and ideal. It is much, if even a distorted vision may flicker across these prison-bars and fumes. A very clever critic has asserted that her superstitions are the only creditable part of the book. Not but what Mr. Bennett’s allusion to



## Coal and Candlelight

certain mediæval tales are not utterly out of place, nor her thoughts, at the Oratory altar, anything but the grotesque invention of a complete outsider. That page is absurd. But that such a woman may pray, and pray away, and feel the need to pity, to rescue, to "mother," and all the while be murdering what is best in herself and in those she thinks Our Lady bids her help, is—well, possible, though not representative; and not a word, herein, has really been written against the substantial value of Christian pity, ideal, or prayer.

If, therefore, Mr. Bennett really thinks there is nothing more to be seen or said than what he here sees and says, that is one more proof how little is known of the world by the so-called "man of the world"; and how superficial is much that sets out to be so subtle. But if, indeed, he sees deeper, his book is treacherous and a crime; for it loads the balances while professing to be impartial; it is Anatole France at his old worst method, without his art; it is, as we said, anti-social and anti-patriotic, in that it tempts men to fancy that they all are equal in wrongdoing, and that it is hopeless to strive for better things, two ancient lies, constantly stripped naked by experience. In short, an inferior pot-boiler; and a malicious pamphlet. For Mr. Bennett partly sees, and in part is very blind.

C. C. M.

MRS. PARRY EDEN gives us her second volume of Verse under the name of *Coal and Candlelight* (Lane), a name already familiar in the ears of readers of this REVIEW, for in these pages the title-poem of the new collection first appeared. We recall how, over the Eighteenth Century mantelpiece of her old Oxfordshire home, Mrs. Parry Eden set Our Lady's statue to be the new and uncovenanted genius of that alien Georgian shrine:

Mary, who through the centuries holds  
Her crowned Son in her hand, amid  
Her mantle's black Byzantine folds  
More tenderly displayed than hid,

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O'er this tramontane hearth presides,  
Oracular of Heaven and Rome:—  
Where Peter is the Church abides,  
Where Mary and her Son the home.  
All day she blesses my employ  
Where surge and eddy round my knee,  
Swayed by a comfit or a toy,  
The battles of eternity.

Throughout the poem the same delicately domestic artifice is displayed. Final, and never finical, she is in her turns of phrasing and in the triumphs and ingenuities of her fancies—fancies which are also thoughts. At once daring and discreet, she knows “the kindred points.” Divinely domestic as she is, if she really had any scruple about “The Distraction” confessed in one of her poems—the admiring look she turned on her daughter during Mass—she does indeed fall into a fault, though not at all the fault specified in her accusing cantation.

In *Ars Immortalis*, where she is at her deftest in her light manner, we renew the friendship with Betsey; and the baby that has hardly come into the world comes, to the manner born, into the verse written to *A Mother*:

When beside you to your bed  
Comes the little Catkin-head,  
Think how many—blessèd two,  
Babe and mother,—prayed for you.  
And when you hold, appeased and warm,  
The Dear and Greedy on your arm,  
Or laugh among the pillows piled,  
All-sufficient to your child,  
Pray sometimes for all exiled  
(And maybe wistful) from these good  
Earliest days of Motherhood!

“A Prayer for St. Innocent’s Day,” from whatever century other than ours it may take its literary derivation, is altogether timely in her pages:

Wisdom, be thou  
The only garland of my burdened brow,  
The nearest stage  
And vowed conclusion of my pilgrimage,

# The Quest of El Dorado

Shade whence I shun  
The untempered supervision of the sun,  
Planet whose beams  
Dispel the desperate ambushade of dreams!  
Through the Red Sea  
Of mine own passion, Wisdom, usher me!

For this I pray  
The Four Custodians of to-day :  
Urge mine intent,  
Nazarius, Celsus, Victor, Innocent!

But Mrs. Parry Eden has done that which really might admit of a scruple—she has prayed a prayer which in some sort she sets herself out to defeat. Wisdom's cannot be her "only garland," for she wears already her unwithering bays.

THE publication of Father J. A. Zahm's new book, *The Quest of El Dorado* (Appleton), reminds us that when Mr. Roosevelt went to South America in search of the River of Doubt he was appropriately accompanied by a priest of the Faith, to whose suggestion, indeed, he owed the idea of following in the footsteps of the Conquistadores. Father Zahm (like the late Father Kenelm Vaughan, of happy memory) is one of the few who have sought out South America for themselves; and he aroused the Colonel's interest by telling him that the gorge of the Maronon at the head-waters of the Amazon was superior to the Grand Canyon! "It does not seem to me that anything on this earth can be grander than the Grand Canyon," wrote Mr. Roosevelt in his Introduction to Father Zahm's former book, *Along the Andes and down the Amazon*. Mr. Roosevelt realized that Father Zahm had done a patriotic duty in breaking down "our ignorance and lack of appreciation of the great Continent south of us," and he followed up his words by his famous expedition, perhaps a most striking contribution to the advance of Pan-Americanism achieved by a single individual. Without bigotry, with full appreciation of the

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human communities, and with exploring zeal toward Nature, he introduced the North to the South of the American Continent. In taking Father Zahm as his cicerone, he showed his common sense, for it is impossible to comprehend South American civilization except through Catholic spectacles. In fact, North-American Catholics have a peculiar and delicate task in the work of Pan-Americanism, when it is considered that the strongest link between cities such as Montreal, Boston, and Buenos Ayres, is the Catholic religion.

Father Zahm's study of Eldorado reveals one of the most amazing myths that ever lured men to their destruction. It was early in the Sixteenth Century that a wandering Indian spread the first gossip of the Gilded Chief, whose wealth was so great that he wore nothing but balsam juice with fine gold dust blown upon his skin daily! The name of El Dorado, first applied to a non-existent man, was transferred to his purely imaginary Kingdom, and finally was loosely used by fortune-hunters of America itself. The searchers followed in succession through the ages, De Belalcazar, Pizarro, Orellana, de Quesada and Von Hutten. The latter, who was a German, was convinced, before he was murdered by a Spaniard, that he had found El Dorado in the Chief of the Omaguas: "the Gilded man was no longer a chimera, but a being with a local habitation and a name." Expedition after expedition was organized at terrible loss of life and treasure to locate the elusive one. They discovered everything except the object of their quest. But the myth continued, and was bequeathed by Quesada to his heir De Berrio, whom Raleigh made his prisoner, myth and all. Raleigh's discovery of Guiana in the effort to locate the Golden Chief is part of English history. Father Zahm has put together the whole story with a true Pan-American sympathy, timely indeed when the War shows how vital it is for the Allies to understand the profound Latin civilization which the baffled adventurers of Spain left in their tracks.

S. L.

## New Study of English Poetry

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT'S wide work, *A New Study of English Poetry* (Constable), contains theory, from the "What is Poetry?" at the outset, to the repetition of that question in the final chapter, under another title; and contains example, too, from Chaucer to the "Futurists." But theory and criticism are intermixed with the history, and chronicles are interlocked with the theory. The study of English versification inevitably takes the student-reader to these original law-givers at Athens and Rome. To one who has long considered a certain puzzle in French prosody it is interesting to learn (or to be reminded) that "both Greeks and Latins, though they wrote by quantity, continued to speak mainly, as we do, by stress: and neither tried to arrange the words in the line so that the speech-stress should coincide precisely with the metrical ictus or quantitative pattern." This is nearly what happens in French. To the ear the French reader-aloud seems to be uttering a stress-line now of barbarous hexameters, now of irregular dactyls, now of nearly lawless iambics, whereas every line is merely numbered, but that unalterably, with an immovable cæsura, and the stress, and what quantity there may be, are left to take care of themselves. The chapter on rhythm is thoroughly interesting; but as for novelty—the title of Sir Henry Newbolt's book, whether in regard to this chapter or to other sections, seems to promise more than the work could perform, or than we should wish it to perform. Somewhat too much space—considering the brief transitoriness of such "movements"—is given at the end of the book to Futurism and to Mr. Marinetti; but the last sentence of all, in "The Poet and his Audience," is a noble interpretation, amplification, and correction of Keats' ambiguous and insufficient linking of Beauty and Truth at the close of his "Grecian Urn."

A.

TO make absorbing reading out of a Directory of Ceremonial is what Dr. Adrian Fortescue has accomplished in his stately volume *The Roman Rite Described*

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(Burns & Oates). Herein he places at our disposal the authority of the Roman writers without their intolerable prolixity, the exactness of the Germans and the clarity of the French. As for the poor "Baldeschi—Dale," it disappears altogether, with a lively, dexterous, and perhaps too unkind *coup de grace* in Dr. Fortescue's Preface. The publishers' original intention had been a revision and enlargement of that provoking, but hitherto indispensable, purple book. But when the obsolescence of Baldeschi himself, and the vagaries of Dale as a translator, were fairly faced, it became plainly apparent that the easier as well as the better plan would be "frankly to make a new book." With the old book disappear also the old printing, paper and binding; and the present fine volume, as convenient to handle as a book can be which contains so much matter, is yet laid out and printed so as to give no sense of crowding; it is handsome to look upon, yet made for use and wear; and is produced at a price which, in view of the circumstances of the day and the nature of the work, is not the least of its achievements. Alike the usefulness and the amenity of the volume are enhanced by the diagrams with which Dr. Fortescue illustrates the most important of the ceremonies. Their distinction of idea and of penmanship allows the reader almost a laugh of pleasure.

The volume is, first and most important, authoritative—as is attested by the Preface of "My Lord Cardinal of Westminster," by the author's name, and by his note on the sources on which he has relied—a note which is itself a brilliant little essay in the criticism that illuminates. Changes necessitated by the new Code of Canon Law, promulgated since the book was first written, have been faithfully made at the cost of cancelling and replacing much of the type. Further, the book is exhaustive for all the purposes of even the most important Parish Church. Beginning valuably, where Dale leaves a lacuna, with Low Mass, it proceeds to a very full treatment of the sung Mass in its various forms, including the Pontifical. The Evening Services follow, treated with a fulness which

## The Roman Rite Described

one hopes may lead the clergy and the faithful to make up some of the liturgical ground lost during the last thirty years. The Liturgical Year comes next, treated both for large and for small churches, and then the various occasional functions. A worthy index concludes the volume. Exhaustiveness of detail is secured partly by avoidance of repetition, and partly by rigid relevance. Interesting as it would be to explore the by-paths of history, explanation, symbolism under Dr. Fortescue's guidance, he has been well advised to resist such allurements, which must inevitably have made his book either unwieldy or patchy. After all, things speak for themselves to the hearing ear; it is the total impression that counts; and none who study the Roman ceremonial under Dr. Fortescue's guidance in this book will fail to imbibe its true spirit, that "Genius of the Roman Rite" which, notwithstanding all accretions, shines out as distinct and clear in a great ceremony in Westminster Cathedral as in the simplest sung Mass in a small church where the Liturgy is allowed to tell its own tale, without adventitious adornments and supernumeraries who merely get in the way.

Space is lacking for a discussion of technical points in a volume which is necessarily one complex of *minutiæ*. We will mention but one point, of detail but of general interest, which puzzles us. What right has Dr. Fortescue to say that "in England custom requires" the use of flowers on the Altar? He knows the meaning of words, and these words condemn as law-breakers, not only the authorities of Westminster Cathedral (whom, in his Preface, he praises for their "great care and accuracy"), but also all of us who, in what we conceive to be the exercise of a lawful liberty, follow the Cathedral in this particular. What would Dr. Fortescue say if one told him that in England "custom requires" him to use large quantities of lace, preferably machine-made, upon his albs and surplices? After this grumble—the only one of general interest, which asserts itself after a first reading—we will choose just one point for special welcome. It is the admirable care Dr. Fortescue has taken to encourage



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liturgical worship in places where the facilities, personal and material, are small. He recurs to the subject again and again. He shows how Vespers may be nicely done with only a celebrant, two acolytes, and a thurifer; he gives most careful attention to the *Missa Cantata*, and to the Holy Week functions on the smaller scale. Also he gives the simple form of sung Mass with only two acolytes and no incense—a ceremony little known amongst us, but greatly valued where known. The matter is crucial, if liturgical worship is to be restored in our midst—an end which will never be attained so long as fuss is considered inseparable from it. Given the common offering of vocal prayer by priest and people, no amount of ceremonial addition can add to its essential completeness. In practice, low Mass fails of this completeness; the simplest sung Mass, with the people singing the Ordinary and a couple of Cantors for the Proper, fulfils it. And it becomes practicable when elaboration of ceremony—quite proper in its place—is seen to be not essential. Not only for the small church on Sundays, but for the large church on week-days early in the morning, Dr. Fortescue's directions for functions on the smaller scale should prove most valuable. We look forward to the day when, with his competent guidance available, an ordinarily equipped parish church will be considered as incomplete without liturgical worship more or less all the week round, as would be a similar establishment in France or Belgium. Sundays are not the only feast-days; nor is eleven o'clock the only hour for a sung Mass.

H. S. D.

THE war, stirring feeling to its depths, discovers treasures, both in quantity and in kind, hidden and even unsuspected before in English verse. The ocean was always there indeed:

But scarce itself is conscious of the store  
Suckled by it; and only after storm  
Casts up its loosened thoughts upon the shore.

The storm came; the revelation of heroism did not lag; and, as a by-product, came poetry from the silence or

## Nigel and Other Verses

from incoherent and stammering sound. The war, in Rupert Brooke, took a poetaster and transfigured him into a poet. It put "immortal birds within the breast" of many another fighting man now numbered with the dead, men like Gerald Caldwell Siordet, the poet of a single piece. And in one mother, mourning a son fallen in the war, we welcome and acclaim the mistress of a lyre which, but for the inspirations of the time, might have remained musicless in listless or unconscious hands.

For *Nigel and Other Verses*, by Alice Fane Trotter (Burns & Oates), affords, in fact, a new and poignant verification of the saying, put by Shelley on the incongruous lips of Byron, that poets learn in suffering what they teach in song. Nigel Trotter, of the Royal Scots, fell near Bethune, at the age of twenty. That, with local and transitory variations, is an all too common fate. But the unexpectednesses in his mother's record help to create those "slight surprises" which, in a poet, have been ranged among the notes of genius. The child who had asked his mother to choose for him a profession, "Where I'd be always kind to everyone," dies fighting, and yet dies without the loss of that ideal. Also treated with a triumphant tenderness is the situation suggestive of strain, in which a mother, a convert to Catholicism, goes to say her rosary in the empty village church, Catholic now no longer, where her son had been accustomed to worship:

There's a little lonely church I know along a country way,  
A Saxon church, a Sussex church, where men will go to pray;  
And five times ten, like the ancient men, did I pray in words  
to-day,

In words I often say.

Once men in leather jerkins knelt before a painted Rood,  
And women in white wimples bent where once the altar stood,  
And bells did say three times a day that God was very good,  
That God is always good.

And there I said the Rosary, the only one who prays  
That prayer within those walls, I think, since Reformation days;

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Outside, the birds took up my words, and hid my faltering praise  
In glorious roundelays.

There's a little Sussex church I know, a belfried church and grey.  
I never sat beside you there when you went there to pray.  
But my heart was with you everywhere, O more than words can  
say,

Than any words can say.

The same exquisite directness about elemental things—death, grief, and gaiety become playmates in these comprehending lines—marks other verses, notably "A Song of the Heart," "Weymouth," "A Wind of France," and "The Great Company." How Mr. George Wyndham would have loved them, for themselves and for their local associations! To him, Sussex and Wiltshire were the two transcendent counties; and Mrs. Trotter's Muse wanders from "Sussex Down" into Wilts in her "Let them Bide." On "Sussex Down," too, she has visions of South Africa, which he would have seen eye to eye with her, enthusiastic in his recognitions, rapt in solemn feeling, with her own radiant fancy of expression.

**I**N *Poems*, 1914-17 (Secker), Mr. Maurice Baring is a poet of continuity. Before ever the war began he knew

That death could only be a little thing,

and there was no new note struck when he saluted the friend whose lot it was "to serve in fellowship,"

O fortunate

To die in battle with your regiment.

The well-known "In Memoriam" verses about Captain Lord Lucas are here printed, with their wail of desolation:

The desolated space  
Of life shall never more  
Be what it was before.  
No one shall take your place.  
No other face  
Can fill that empty frame.  
There is no answer when we call your name.

## Poems

But it is of the presence, not the absence, of the dead that Mr. Baring is the accepted singer. Such we find him in his unforgettable "Julian Grenfell" sonnet :

Because of you we will be glad and gay,  
Remembering you, we will be brave and strong,  
And hail the advent of each dangerous day,  
And meet the last adventure with a song.  
And, as you proudly gave your jewelled gift,  
We'll give our lesser offering with a smile,  
Nor palter on the path where, all too swift,  
You led the way and leapt the golden stile.

Whether new paths, new heights to climb, you find,  
Or gallop through the unfooted asphodel,  
We know you know we shall not lag behind,  
Nor halt to waste a moment on a fear ;  
And you will speed us onward with a cheer,  
And wave beyond the stars that all is well.

OF three volumes of verse by American writers, one, Norreys Jephson O'Connor's *Songs of the Celtic Past* (Lane), owes its chief interest to a poetic version of the tale of Ailill and Etain based on the Tochmarc Etaine, or Courtship of Etain, for the study of which and of other Celtic literature Harvard provides learned guidance. Mr. O'Connor has made a genuine addition to Anglo-Celtic classics ; and he says of the unknown Irish writer, whose romance he interprets : "The handling of the triangle situation by a writer centuries ago, and his belief in the sacred obligations of marriage, is significant." Father Garesché, like all good Catholic writers, has made Thompson and Tabb his inspiration, though he is less concentrated than one, less lavish than the other. From *The World and the Waters* (The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis) we extract a sacramental quatrain :

The bread that would Thine offering be  
Must lose its substance changed to Thee!  
I take the symbol, Lord, and fain  
Would die, to live in Thee again.

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Such lines, we may say, St. Thomas would have had joy in translating into Latin. Again, from Father James Hayes's *Grave of Dreams* (Encyclopædia Press, N.Y.), we draw these lines on the Priest :

He drinks the Chalice of the Lord  
Within whose mystic deep  
Commingle with the wine of joy  
The tears of all who weep.

He also has his poetic being "within the temple built by Thompson's song," to use one of his own lines.

S. L.

THERE have been a number of attempts to synonymize Armageddon, notably Mr. Owen Wister's *Pentecost of Calamity*. But Mr. Ralph A. Cram describes the prevailing misfortune of the world as *The Nemesis of Mediocrity* (Marshall Jones). Mr. Cram is the principal builder of Gothic in modern America, and he thinks he perceives that not only great architecture but great men have perished from the face of the earth, for "without strong leadership democracy is a menace, without strong leadership culture and even civilization will pass away." He has his own census: In 1880 there were sixty great men alive in the world, but all had died before 1905 ; and Mr. Cram challenges us to fill a tenth of the vacancies "between Harmsworth and Gladstone, Bryan and Cleveland, Wells and Emerson, Ornstein and Brahms." In his view Giolitti and Caillaux, Ramsay Macdonald, Lenin, and La Follette are "the synthetic product of a mechanical process of self-expression on the part of groups of men without leaders." And the dismal categories might be continued on either side of the Atlantic. "If we take the Cardinal of Malines as a standard, as one man at least who measures up to the great controlling and directing agencies of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, we shall find it hard to pick others to place in his class." Despite the White House, this is perhaps a generally accepted opinion in America to-day. In the Senate Mr. Cram sees ominous figures, and in the American Cabinet

## Megalithic Culture

"depressing personalities." Apart from the President, there is only "the mysterious and promising figure of Colonel House." Modern man has nothing to show for "his mastery of thermo-dynamics." The modern world has been given over to the realization of the unimportant instead of the essential as in the Middle Ages. All gain in mechanical power has been made at the cost of man's vitality. The "Belshazzars of modernism" cannot read the writing on the wall nor realize that "Democracy without the supreme leadership of men who, by nature or by Divine direction, can speak and act with authority, is a greater menace than autocracy." S. L.

**W**ELCOME to any line of investigation which helps us to understand and appreciate the migrations and movements of mankind in far-off ages, both of which were much greater and much earlier than has usually been suspected. Quite recently we noticed a book on shell-culture by Mr. Jackson, and now in the same series—that of the University of Manchester—we have Mr. Perry's *Megalithic Culture of Indonesia*. Megaliths are objects composed of a single large rough stone, the menhir, or of a number of stones—the dolmen, alignment, or circle. We wish, by the way, that the writer would drop the term "Cromlech," which has been so much abused that it should now be abandoned. We have recently heard that there was a definite megalith-building race whose handiwork is to be met with in many parts of the world; and this book is an attempt to deal with the traces of a megalith-building race in the East Indian Archipelago, in the islands of which are numerous remains of this character. It would appear, from the evidence collected by Mr. Perry, and his diligence and the width of his research are greatly to be praised, that the immigrant race of stone-users, who, by the way, believed that their first ancestors came out of a stone, were seekers after gold, who settled in places where they found it; and who, besides building the megalithic monuments which were so prominent a feature in their culture, taught the inhabi-

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tants how to cultivate rice, and introduced them to the knowledge of the very remarkable terrace cultivations still a feature of some of the islands.

It would further seem that the hereditary priesthoods of Indonesia, the keepers of the sacred stones and images in which reside the ghosts of their ancestors, the guardian spirits of the villages, are the descendants of the immigrants who introduced the culture associated with the use of stone. Many interesting points in connection with the religious beliefs and other attributes of these people will be followed in this book by readers interested in the modern problems of ethnology.

B. C. A. W.

IT is not often that true poetic poetry, imaginative as well as rhetorical, is inspired by patriotism or politics; but when such a nobly fortunate thing happens as that union of public and secret passion (for there is a secret in the heart of all intimate poetic experience), then something great is written. Somewhat in like manner, though true poetry has been written of love without law, far truer and far greater is the poetry that is bound, and winged, by both love and law. Such unions are rare, but, beyond the mere world's knowledge, fruitful of the greater and greatest things.

Something much more than eloquence, than rhetoric, than force and fire (such as Byron excelled in, and many another master of what is paradoxically and popularly called "*spirit*," has achieved) is alive in *Les Cloches de Flandre*, by the Flemish poet, Marcel Wyseur (Perrin et Cie). His, too, is the patriotism that is devoted not to the field of battle so much as to the field of tillage. And a student of the wonderful quality that Matthew Arnold called "natural magic"—a student who has the ear for this pure quality—will probably have made the discovery that "magic" is hardly to be found away from landscape. Not that there need be "landscapes"; probably the fewer such deliberate pictures the better; but there will always be the sense of landscape, and most often of tilled country. There is little magic, by the way, in Italian



## Les Cloches de Flandre

poetry, major or minor ; and Dante has a sign of it only in his Purgatorio ; because there is no landscape in an Inferno, or in a Paradiso, but only in the sea and the hill of Purification.

M. Marcel Wyseur writes of his shattered Flanders, its ruined villages, its shaken cities, the belfries that took the place of hills in the levels, the betrayed and plundered and murdered people, with the love of a distinguished mind for a population not greatly distinguished, and a landscape not very beautiful. Perhaps there is more passion in a poet's fondness for such dull country as that of Belgium than in any love of waterfalls and objects of that kind. The dull country is tilled, it is very much the friend of the villager and the labourer ; and where it has no other great beauty it has the morning, the noon, and the night, those universal splendours, very plainly seen ; no mountain to hide the sunrise or the sunset. And it is evident that M. Wyseur, to whom Flanders is endeared by the characters here indicated, has also with the country that infrangible bond—it has been the country of his childhood. All the conditions that make for noble and pathetic poetry his genius has closed with, and *Les Cloches de Flandre* is one of the greatest literary records of the war—one that is left to the world in the language of France by a poet not French.

A. M.

WHEN Cardinal describes Cardinal, when a secretary reveals his Archbishop, when a successor writes the biography of a predecessor, the reading public may feel confident of matter that is probably interesting and certainly authoritative. Cardinal Farley's *Life of John Cardinal McCloskey* (Longmans) immediately takes its place among choice American biographies. Apart from the gentle and discriminating style of writing, which never drops to bathos or rises into unconvincing eulogy, the book is furnished with those manuscript materials which are always of the first value in biography. Unfortunately Cardinal McCloskey preserved very few of his papers, and his biographer records, therefore, a certain amount of

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disappointment in his archival researches. However, Cardinal Farley had the unique advantage of having served as secretary; and, as Archbishops are generally heroes to their secretaries, he used every opportunity during twelve years "to write down with as little delay as possible all our conversations regarding his personal history." If Cardinal McCloskey is but a name to English Catholics, let the inheritor of his See and of his Purple speak: "It was his to rule the great Archdiocese of New York during those twenty years of Reconstruction that followed the Civil War. It was his to conciliate opposing elements, both within and without the fold, at a time when both Church and State needed all their forces to cope with the tide of immigration which was flowing into the country. New York loomed large in those days on the social and political horizon of the United States; and to him who, by general consent, was looked upon as the first citizen of the metropolis, came many of the heaviest burdens which then harassed our land."

Cardinal McCloskey's lifetime covered the years between 1810 and 1885. His father was born at Dungiven in the county of Derry, the birthplace too of John Mitchel, who, later, was also to take a leading part in the life of New York. Events had drawn a gulf between both their families and the British Government. Of the Cardinal's father, already an exile, we learn that "when the British troops were contemplating the attack on New York, in 1814, Patrick McCloskey directed the work of constructing the fortifications on Forts Greene and Fisher." In those days there were not more than ten thousand Irishmen in New York. The Catholic Church had been organized with French and Spanish help. It seems curious to read of the King of Spain sending one thousand pesos "to the struggling congregation." Still stranger is it to read of collections being made in Mexico for the same object. Catholic education was a luxury that was unobtainable; and the future Cardinal was taught at a school kept by a retired actress from Drury Lane, a Mrs. Charlotte Milmoth, who had found the

## Cardinal McCloskey

Old Faith in the New Continent. America has always been prolific of Europeans starting life afresh in positions antithetical to those of their past. The pious English actress conducting a transatlantic nursery of Cardinals could be paralleled by the Confessor of the McCloskey family, who, before he became an American Jesuit, was the well-known Belgian General Malou. On the death of Mr. McCloskey the guardianship of his son passed to a Mr. Cornelius Heeney, who had been a partner in the fur trade with John Jacob Astor. So he was at one time within a throw's cast of great fortune. He was destined, however, for spiritual and not temporal riches ; and, like Mahomet, John McCloskey went "to the Mountain"—the expression then in use for a student going to Mount St. Mary Emmitsburg. Then ill-health gave him the opportunity to study at Rome. Rome, in the 'thirties of the last century, was still Rome Papal, the Rome that sweetened all Europe like a Christian Llassa, the Rome of which the young Lacordaire said to McCloskey one evening as they were returning from the Pincian, "*dans les rues de Rome on sent Dieu.*"

To the young American, herald as he was of American Colleges and countless pilgrims in the future, Rome was a revelation. He discovered Rome much as his fellow-townsmen discovered Granada. High and interesting company he kept, and wonderful were his acquaintances. He came to know Monsignor Mai, of librarian fame ; Dr. Paul Cullen, then at the Irish College ; and Cardinal Weld, who had been present as a boy at the consecration of Dr. Carroll, the first American Bishop, in his father's house at Lulworth in Dorsetshire. Another acquaintance he made in the Sacred College was that of Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon. *A propos*, he gives a curious portrait of the Emperor's mother in her last days : "She was propped up in bed, eating her breakfast from a little table used by her son on St. Helena, the only article of furniture belonging to the Emperor she has. She is quite a skeleton, has a good deal of French countenance, the outlines of the face are not unlike those of Napoleon when young. She

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is quite blind. How few are now around her ! Cardinal Fesch visits her every day." Lacordaire was an intimate friend of the young American ; and we learn that not only had the Frenchman's father served under Rochambeau in the American Revolution, but that he himself had once been on the point of taking up religious work in America under Bishop Dubois. The young McCloskey came to know at first hand all the promise, the ambition, and disaster, of Lacordaire's connection with Lammenais and the *Avenir*.

Father McCloskey's return from Rome was followed by the successive steps which made him Coadjutor Bishop of New York in his thirties, first Bishop of Albany, and second Archbishop and first Cardinal of New York. Events and tendencies of the time are alluded to and fresh light is thrown on the Catholic history of the United States, so largely unknown to the European. The fault may have been on both sides, but it is safe to opine if there had been more writers like Cardinal Farley in America there would have been more readers in Europe. When we recollect how closely the detail of the Catholic revival in England has been studied in the States, we feel a corresponding interest in the contemporary struggles of American Catholics. The wars of the clergy against lay-trustees, the championship of Archbishop Hughes, the journalism of Mr. McMaster, the conversions of the Rev. Roosevelt Bayley, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, and of the astronomer Anderson, the Apostolate of Father Hecker and his Paulists, all were milestones in Transatlantic Church history. With the death of Hughes, and the last phase of the Civil War, Bishop McCloskey became Metropolitan. He entered into the labours of others and gave them permanency and form. His reign covered the period of civil and religious reconstruction, when the Church stood vindicated by the sacrifice and devotion of her sons in the field of battle, and when a divided America took consolation at the sight of the Catholic Church uniting her children in both North and South. With extreme prudence and patience Cardinal McCloskey

## Cardinal McCloskey

fashioned and handled the fruitage. His reign was one of silent hope and unceasing fostering. The time had not come for the Church to throw her unofficial gonfalon over the Continent with all but general toleration, for her Prelates to take striking lines of public conduct, or for both Press and Politics to recognize the Catholic Church as a part of the national life. The gala days of the Church in America were not yet ; but, in the year before his death, Cardinal McCloskey was able, by his appeal to President Arthur, to save the American College in Rome from ruin. Henceforward the presence of Americans in the Sacred College was to be an insurance for liberty in Europe. With a quiet humour and a sublime discretion McCloskey filled the interval between one period of ecclesiastical storm and another which was to prove broken water for his successor, Archbishop Corrigan. Cardinal Farley conveys a good deal in one of his concluding sentences : "The school question, Cahenslyism, the problem of American methods and view-points, these and many other thorny subjects existed in his time, but his consummate prudence and his profound knowledge of men kept him from giving issue to movements which he felt could best be trusted to the gentle hand of Time." And perhaps no story reveals the character of McCloskey better than the story of the delegation who appealed to him for the removal of the Pastor at Utica. With patience and condescension he heard them, and promised to grant their petition, adding that their pastor had just been appointed Bishop of Hartford !

Cardinal Farley has given us a book that no one could have better achieved ; for the deep knowledge and sympathy he shows make it clear that McCloskey's is the Life on which he has modelled his own in carrying forward for yet another period in its history the mighty and multifarious Archdiocese of New York. S. L.

SOME of the contents of Professor Adami's important *Medical Contributions to the Study of Evolution* (Duckworth) are familiar to readers of the *British Medical*

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*Journal*, and similar publications. But their wider biological significance has been quite insufficiently recognized by non-medical students of living nature, and this because ordinary biologists, lacking medical or at least pathological training, must fail to understand a number of passages in the book. But the very admirable "Lecture on Life" is not unduly technical for the casual, if careful, reader.

One of the great puzzles of biology is the origin and cause of that variation in living things which all admit, and this book is an attempt to throw light upon that problem from the study of the now so well-known life histories of the bacteria which commonly or occasionally take up their abode in the body of man or in the bodies of lower animals. Everyone knows that the study of bacteriology forms a large part of the work of the modern pathologist; but everyone does not understand that this means that he is a specialist in unicellular botany, and that, as such, he is dealing with the problem of life in its simplest manifestations no doubt, yet in manifestations which, in miniature, cover all the fields occupied by higher organizations—assimilation, growth, reproduction, and the like. In connection with these unicellular forms, two important problems early arise and are dealt with in these essays. There is the Batesonian thesis (Mendelism to the  $n$ th power) that *all* variations are the result of a taking-away of something from the organism, the controlling effect of which being removed, some previously hidden feature is permitted to make its appearance. Professor Adami will have none of this, and we agree with him; for, though the theory may be true in isolated cases, it logically necessitates the incredible view that the original microscopic sphere of protoplasm, which evolutionists postulate as the beginning of life, must have contained all the properties of all living things and, therefore, have been the most remarkably endowed organism ever existing. He says that "the potentiality was there, not the determinants." The last word being used, of course, in the Weismannian sense. We agree with him; but



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would like to remind him that the sentence is almost a literal translation of St. Augustine's "*nihilominus potentialiter, quorum numeros tempus postea visibiliter explicaret.*" A short reflection may prevent the author from further jibes at mediæval schoolmen and their works, of whom it is obvious that he knows nothing.

But to the second point : if the variations are not all *in* the cell, but only the power of varying, what sets that power a-going and what determines the direction of the variation ? Weismann tried to make scientific men believe that environment did and could do nothing to produce variation, and invented fairy castles of theory—resting on sandy foundations—to support his view, which, once preached as the one true gospel of science, has now fallen into disrepute. The author attacks the problem from the point of view of zymotic or bacterial diseases. What causes such diseases—bacteria ? Have they always existed ? Some of them at least for thousands of years, those of pyorrhœa, for example. But *all* of them ? Well, no ; some diseases—bacterial, too, in origin—seem to be quite new things. Then where do these bacteria come from, or how do they arise ? There seems to be only one reply, and that is, that a bacterium "sports," *i.e.*, varies—perhaps even "mutates" ; and the result of the growth of this "sport" or "mutation" in the human body is the production of a new disease. What makes it "sport" ? The most easy and likely explanation is a change of environment. But if this is the case environment *does* act on the organism, producing permanent, or at least lasting, change in it and in its products. Such is a brief outline of the main argument of the book illustrated by many facts and experiments, made clearer by diagrams and figures. The correspondence with Sir Ray Lankester, given as an appendix, is a most amusing passage of arms—*Tantæne iræ* ?  
B. C. A. W.

**I**N *A Not Impossible Religion* (Lane) Mr. T. Edmund Harvey, M.P., gives us the late Professor Silvanus Thompson's "thoughts on religion and life." It was designed



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by the Professor particularly for the many who "find it difficult to reconcile the methods of science with the spirit of Christianity as it is expressed in the accepted views of the Churches." We have the result in a series of devout chapters on "a not impossible Religion," "Vision," "Christ the Beginning," "Christ's own Creed." But a high standard of personal integrity and a deep love for the things of God are not the sole qualifications for the framing of a creed. Professor Thompson was no theologian. He was a D.Sc., an F.R.S., an eminent physicist, but he did not know the distinction between nature and person. "In the imperfection of the definitions which the mind can frame, where does humanity end and divinity begin? Are they really mutually exclusive terms? Or do they not rather overlap in their intensive quality?" Or, elsewhere he would write (after quoting W. S. Lilly), "If it were so, then Christ, having the two natures, had two personalities, was, in fact, in Himself two persons essentially different." Prof. Thompson knew neither the psychology nor the metaphysic, neither the theology nor the Church history, indispensable in this discussion. "Think of all the disputes," he wrote, "about apostolic succession. Think of all the trivialities that clung about the validity of holy orders of a priest. What about the farce of apostolical succession by the laying-on of hands of a bishop—by a bishop forsooth, whose selection as such depended on the mere nomination of some prime minister who—in past time at least—may have been a gambler, a swearer, a debauchee?" One hears the accents of some good-hearted preacher, who, ignorant of history and theology, looks to an "anointing from within."

"A creed," we read, "is of use only as marking historically a stage—it may be, curious and interesting stage—in the evolution of religious ideas: a milestone, as it were, in religious progress." So that a Fourth-Century creed, if transported to the Twentieth Century, is like a transported milestone, very misleading! The Professor, ignoring the very nature of Revelation, culled

## Critique of the Pure Reason

his analogies from the sciences that progress as new facts are discovered. A Quaker born, he had not grasped the scheme of a Revelation, given by God to men, and guarded in its integrity through the ages. "No two men's creeds," he wrote, "ever are the same, nor ought they to be." Three hundred million Catholics bear another witness, except in a sense too subtle for formal polemics.

J. G. V.

KANT'S *Critique of the Pure Reason* is a strangely disconcerting volume. It is obscure, not infrequently contradictory. Sometimes the author doubles back over a subject for a second time and treats it differently. Thus a critical and expository volume is sorely needed by the reader who wishes fully to grasp one of the most influential treatises in modern philosophy. In Professor Norman Kemp Smith's *Commentary to Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason* (Macmillan) he will find a very suitable, learned if rather lengthy, companion to the actual text of the *Critique*. The Professor writes that Kant's *Critique* "is a philosophical classic that marks a turning-point in the history of philosophy." Unfortunately this is true. The Professor looks to Kant as a great philosopher, and is prepared to devote laborious years to a study of his work. We regard Kant as a singularly well-intentioned but unconvincing thinker, who probably did more harm to the cause of philosophy and truth than any other writer in history. His influence is strong, and it even grows. His work, therefore, should be studied in the text in order that no injustice should be done to the painstaking little old professor of Königsberg.

Professor Kemp Smith's volume suffers from one big defect. There is no standard of contrast. It is impossible to know and realize what a philosophy is, until we know what it is not. It were easy, moreover, to contrast the thought of Kant with that of Aristotle, and to show how different is the thought of modern Germany from the wisdom of the Greeks. The work has been done well by Mgr. Sentroul in his *Kant et Aristote* (a volume

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"crowned" by the *Kant gesellschaft*), which Professor Kemp Smith seems not to know. May we commend that volume to the Professor's notice? He would see in a moment the value of the "contrast" method of commentary and criticism.

J. G. V.

OF the making of books by and about the Bensons there is no end, nor do we seek for one. In *Robert Hugh Benson, Captain in God's Army* (Burns and Oates), we welcome from Father Reginald Watt "the memoirs of a friend." At Hare Street the two men dwelt together (but not always in amity) during the last two years of Monsignor Benson's life. Father Watt (himself now an Army Chaplain) adopts the military turn of the title and of the chapter-headings because "Hugh Benson was always essentially a soldier, and a soldier of the old longing-for-a-fight variety." His earnestness and his intensity were his shield and his buckler. In secular warfare, enthusiasm may count for miserably little against mechanics; but in the battle for souls, great qualities tell greatly; and it was not so much what Benson said in his sermons as it was his fervour in saying it, that drew to him the crowds. Pathetically eager they were to hear one who showed that he really cared—that he was willing, soldier-like, to give even his life gladly in furtherance of his cause.

In the pulpit, Benson, as sketched by his friend, may be seen veritably in action:

There was none of the assurance of the confident society preacher about R.H.B.; and those wide-open staring eyes with which he looked at his congregation for the first time, the trembling underlip and restless obtruding tongue, all betokened the soldier anxious to get at his foe. I have seen the same expression over and over again on the faces of soldiers waiting through the din of bombardment for the order to advance. A hissing intaking of breath, the Scriptural text spat out, an accurate though very rapid sign of the Cross, and then—a torrent. For his words came from him like a cascade; they seemed to be hustling each other in his mouth, and rushed through his tightly

## Robert Hugh Benson

closed teeth at an incredible pace; his body was stretched out over the pulpit, his face flushed . . . his face was bathed in perspiration, his voice grating and raucous. Vast congregations were spell-bound, the little untidy man in the pulpit had ceased to exist. He interested them all because he was interested himself.

Father Watt is not slow to draw contrasts: "In very many cases, I think I can say in the majority of cases, Catholics go to church and put up with the sermon, non-Catholics go to church in spite of the sermon." Benson himself, it seems, would second this grave indictment:

If priests (he said) would only take as much care about their Sunday sermons as ordinary laymen take about their everyday work, we wouldn't have long to wait for the conversion of England. . . . Over and over again I've met priests who didn't know on Saturday night what they were going to preach about on Sunday morning—and then they talk about the leakage!

He practised what he preached about preparedness. "If ever," he said, "there was a man who had everything against him as a preacher, I am that man. I've got this beastly impediment in my speech, and I'm as nervous as a chicken." Some day he meant to write a book about preaching; but that was one of the projects his death defeated. His remedies for an admitted evil would have been eagerly scanned at a time when in America, no less than in England, the failure of the sermon to inspire its normal hearers is admitted, and when Benedict XV, taking compassion on patient congregations, has urged on Bishops the delicate duty of satisfying themselves as to the preacher's capacity. Perhaps Benson was too sanguine in saying that any man can qualify for the pulpit—not all men have his will-power of self-determination. But time-limits may yet be authoritatively counselled; and brief readings from Scripture and from Catholic classics take the place of the unprepared addresses by which the great adventure of religion is dulled week after week.

Benson's opinions about his own and other people's books were naturally part of the table-talk at Hare Street. He thought that anyone who took pains could write

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novels like *Come Rack, Come Rope*, or he thought he thought so—the people who sent him their toiled-over but unfit manuscripts surely convinced him to the contrary. He thought his *Lord of the World* a first-class book; and *The Dawn of All* “poor stuff.” He liked his fellow novelists of the day—most of all H. G. Wells: “*Kipps* he loved”; but his favourite was *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, which he read over and over again, and each time he read it the verdict was the same, “A gorgeous book—every time I read it I think it’s the best book written.” And “Pett Ridge had a fervent admirer in R.H.B.”

It was in Sussex, a county of many inspirations and of more than its share of literary glories, that Benson made up his mind to be a Catholic; and it was at his splendid mother’s home in Sussex—Tremans—that he planned some of his pen-campaigns, for real campaigns his novel-writings were; and wrote some of the poems which reveal most intimately to us the interior Benson. In verse we are shown his soul with a directness which even close daily intercourse cannot discover. A man can say things about his love and his religion in verse which no prose, written or spoken, may repeat. But the picture drawn by Father Watt of the daily doings at Hare Street gives us everything we have a right to expect from such a record, and, some will say, though not we, a little more. The candours of the record are proper to it; and the chronicling of even quarrels—and their sequels—is a sign of how surface, and how edifying even, these really were. Father Watt has a determined way with him, one from which we imagine him not to be easily moved. He has done the kind of book that he thought fitting, done it seriously and done it well.

The important thing is that in these pages, as before in the memorable Martindale biography, in A. C. Benson’s *Memoirs of a Brother* as in the slighter sketches of Mrs. Warre Cornish, Mr. Shane Leslie and others, the vitality and originality of Hugh Benson have been caught and communicated. We meet again, face to face, the

## Mary of the Winds

man who thought death an alluring adventure, but on whom life had grappling-irons—the man who wrote his novels in a fever and who preached in a passion. Even gardening was with him an exciting experience—he had more than a sportman's, a creator's, rapture in the things he got to grow. The discovery of an oak floor, overlaid with paint, at his Hare Street House, ranked almost as a spiritual revelation. Whether by levelling-up or by levelling-down—to use an outworn political phraseology—he got his earth and his Heaven upon one plane. He liked moonstones as a layman—then be sure moonstones went into the structure of his chalice at Hare Street. The familiarities of his daily intercourse with the Unseen—his expostulatory “Lord, one more cigarette!” marked his own temperamental revolt against the prig supposed to lurk in the ex-parson. His books being battles, he was at once a man of words and of actions; and it is as a man of reactions, too, that, like the rest of mankind, he must be most perfectly understood. B.

IN all that is published of Ireland, the great innermost things of her people and ways might go entirely overlooked if it were not that one writer has seemed to close her ears against the loud events and to listen only to the quiet things that do not travel. *Mary of the Winds*, by Eneideen (John Murray), is a collection of tales “gathered” in the south of Ireland;—and that word “gathered” is in good faith, the reader is sure, and not like famous “translations” from no original. These tales have actually been heard, and Eneideen (who is Lady Kenmare) had to do little more than transcribe them; but for her tender and shrewd attention, her careful memory, her own perfect economy of words in narration, no praise could be too high. Even as a gatherer she has a supreme responsibility for the beauty of this book. A traveller at her side might have collected very different testimony; for the cynical observer there would have been other things to tell. But this writer must have a rare trained mind to have so sharp a perception of strange unlikely beauties.

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Many of the tales, credulously told by old people in remote parts of Kerry, are of magic, and the devil in disguise, and the "little people," mixed up with the absorbing and religious care for the soul's salvation. There is no limit to the unlikelihood of what befell Mary in the first tale, *Mary of the Winds*; but in its boundless imagination, knowing no other law, it yet fastens all its flying fancies to one narrow need, that of her soul's salvation. For such a fabulous tale as this to be true would be a less marvel than the invention of it is; that is a marvellous invention which strays far and wild and yet holds fast to a strict and simple moral. This is the characteristic of these people, and strong in these pages—a great imagination bound only to a simple faith.

The tales of magic are not so much hoarded by the people from the past—they are to-day's interest, to-day's news. Amidst that strange timelessness of things that are both old and fresh, there comes into this book the sharp date-giving fact of war; and so the reader knows that these people who might be of any time are actually speaking thus at this moment. In *Irish Tears* we are shown a woman, who has lost her son, visiting a hearth where a baby has been lately born:

"Sure we have a right to be thankful," she says, "for the young children rising around us, adorning of the world, when stripped we are of all else but sorrow and our eyes destroyed with weeping and lamenting all the long years of this war. Bad cess to the world and the way of its fighting and killing. 'Tis not the will of God at all for men to be drowning and murdering each other by day and by night. May God deliver us!"

"Faith," answered the old man, "'tis the truth you can talk with great feeling, Julia O'Toole, for the sorrow of the death of your son, God rest his soul, lies still heavy about you."

"And a queer thing it would be, Jerry Moynihan, if my sorrow could be lifted, seeing that it pitched on my back, and settled in my heart this side of Easter. What way, think you, could it be lifted so soon? Lonesome enough, perishing lonesome, is the world to myself and to himself. 'Twas a grey day, and a bad day that destroyed all the good days, when we heard that they had



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Pat killed in the battle. 'Julia,' said himself at the farm, when the news was his own. 'Make the bed,' says he, 'for the life is gone from me, my hands is beat on me and out of my head I am gone.' No lie was he telling, he has not long to stay, for the young days, and the glad days, of his life are behind him."

Another woman is met whose son had been drowned in the *Lusitania* :

The widow Hannah stood in the middle of the track, looking down the wild valley. She was a tall and still beautiful woman, some fifty years of age. So sharp was the contrast of her pale, worn face against her black shawl, so still did she stand, that she might have been hewn out of black-and-white marble. Her luminous eyes were framed by eyelashes that were matted with rain, or perhaps with tears, a few wisps of grey hair escaped from beneath a shawl which fell in folds over her shoulders to her knees. She was talking, or rather calling, to the silence of the valley : "Cursed be those German dogs!" she cried. "Thrice cursed be the Kaiser and all the hounds around him. Cursed be they! It is a terrible thing to be a mother—a mother alone has a heart of great feeling! What way can she live without the life of her son beating in her heart? It is the Kaiser, God curse him, who has taken my son. May the children of the enemy wither, may the weight of the pain of this world drag them to the great fire, and if, in the silence of the dark, lonesome night, they make a stir and cry for pity, may the darkness alone hear them. May the weight of the grey hills around the valleys crush them, and may the waters of the rivers rise to choke them unto death. What way would the pain of the world be too great for them at all, for they have murdered my son, my beautiful son!"

Terrible she is in her crazed grief, and intolerably pitiable in her submission when she is rebuked :

"'Tis a growing bitter thing to be a mother with a son lying with the chill and the surf of the hungry sea for his shroud. Come back, my son, for the pain I bear in the darkness of the night and the light of the day is destroying my heart." Then pausing, her tone changed, and with infinite tenderness she continued : "'Tis' but a short while since that his letter came to me ; a little while, a little while. 'Look down the wet bohieren by the racing stream, and remember, mother,' he wrote, 'the small little gossoon, with the hair of gold, that ran up it a long while since, look down it these days, and soon, 'tis true to you, you shall see your son, and

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he a man fine and strong, walking to yourself.' 'Jesus!' I said, when the great news of the sinking of the big ship came after Mass. 'Jesus!' I said, 'I'm in dread of the pain that is travelling to me from a distant land and a cruel sea. What way is it that my son has gone home alone, and that without passing the way of myself and the cabin of the racing streams'?" . . .

"Drowned is your son," says her neighbour, "but sure they are now with the saints above adjacent in joy, as we are adjacent in sorrow. You've no call, Hannah, to be sending the dull death through me nor to be hurting their souls, God rest them, with the confusion of your high talk . . ."

"A hard, stony road we tread," says Hannah at last, "but 'twas a harder one He trod Himself, and maybe He is not able this day to be mindful of mothers." But with these words a return of the crazy look came over her face. Turning, she walked swiftly away under the fast gathering clouds. As she went her cry to her son floated out again on the mist of the lonely valley. It rang far over the distant hills, calling to the sea to give up its dead, echoing the grief that knows no comforting, the voice of Rachel mourning for her children.

The service performed by such a book at such a time is beyond what most men can do. It should be read not only for the joy of a noble record, but for the light it sheds in darkness and for the way it shows towards understanding.

V. M.

### ERRATUM

In the issue for April, 1918, page 278, line 32-3, instead of "to depend consciously upon" read "to depart consciously from."

## Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor

**I**T is occasionally urged that in the announcements of the Pelman Institute the business element is predominant, and that other aspects of Mind Training receive less consideration than they are entitled to.

The reason for this is fairly obvious. Business or professional progress is, in this workaday world, a subject which the average man or woman has very much at heart. Consequently, the financial value of Pelmanism is the point of primary attraction for probably 60 per cent. of those who enrol; but this circumstance does not in any degree dispossess Pelmanism of its supreme importance as an educational and intellectual factor. Instead of a few pages of an explanatory nature, a fairly lengthy volume would be required to do justice to this theme—the *higher* values of Pelmanism.

Far-seeing readers will be quick to appreciate this, and will recognize that a system which has proved of such signal value to the business and the professional brain-worker must perforce be of at least equal value to those whose occupation is mainly intellectual or social. If assurance were needed upon this point, it is abundantly supplied by the large number of complimentary letters received from those who have enrolled for the Course from other than pecuniary motives: the amateur and leisured classes being well represented on the Registers of the Institute.

In many cases, those whose motive originally was material advancement of some kind have been quick to discover the deeper meanings and higher values of Pelmanism—a value far above money. It would be proper to say that there are many thousands of both sexes to whom the Pelman System has been the means of intensifying their interest and pleasure in existence as probably no other agency could have done.

The charms of literature, and in particular the beauties of poetry and descriptive writing, are appreciated by those who adopt Pelmanism as they never appreciated

them before. Every phase of existence is sensibly expanded. Life receives a new and deeper meaning with the unfolding of the latent powers of the mind.

"I must have gone about the world with closed eyes before," was the remark of a well-travelled man after he had completed only half the Course. His ejaculation is significant. He is typical of many who, unwittingly, are living with "closed eyes." Indeed, if the Pelman System stopped short at its third book instead of continuing to a twelfth, it would still be a remarkable and valuable system.

In developing latent (and often unsuspected) powers of the mind, Pelmanism has not infrequently been the means of changing the whole current of a life. Many letters might be quoted in evidence of this.

Again, there are numbers who avow their indebtedness to the Pelman Course in another direction—it has led them to examine themselves anew, to recognize their points of weakness or strength, and to introduce aim and purpose into their lives. Indeed, it is surprising how many men and women, including some of high intellectual capacity and achievement, are "drifting" through life with no definite object. This reveals a defect in our educational system and goes far to justify the enthusiasm of those—and they are many—who urge that the Pelman System should be an integral part of our national education. Self-recognition must precede self-realization, and no greater tribute to Pelmanism could be desired than the frequency of the remark, "*I know myself now: I have never really done so before.*"

Self-expression brings us to another facet of Pelmanism, and a very interesting one. Even a University education may fail to equip a man or woman to maintain himself or herself creditably in the social sense. How often the clever scholar is a social failure—a nonentity even in the circle of his intimates! His academic "honours" have done nothing to endow him with personal charm or conversational power. His consciousness of a rich store of knowledge does not compensate him for the discovery that he is deficient in the important art of self-expression.

Tact, discerning judgment, adaptability, conversational

ability are not "gifts": they are qualities which can be developed by training. This is emphatically proven by the large number of letters received from Pelman students who have received almost unhopd-for assistance in this direction.

As a system, Pelmanism is distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is this which makes it of value to the University graduate equally with the salesman, to the woman of leisure, and to the busy financier, to the Army officer and to the commercial clerk. The Pelmanist is in no danger of becoming stereotyped in thought, speech, or action; on the contrary, individuality becomes more pronounced. Greater diversity of "character" would be apparent amongst fifty Pelmanists than amongst any fifty people who had not studied the Course.

The system is, in fact, not a mental strait-jacket, but an instrument: instead of attempting to impose universal ideals upon its students, it shows them how to give practical effect to their own ideals and aims. It completes man or woman in the mental sense, just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense. And, above all, it is free from any element of "mysticism"; its appeal is made to reason; it is soundly based on common sense.

There are many who adopt it as a means of regaining lost mental activities. Elderly men and women whose lives have been so fully occupied with business, social, or household matters that the intellectual side has been partly or wholly submerged: successful men in the commercial world whose enterprises have heretofore left them too little leisure to devote to self-culture: Army officers who find that the routine of a military life invites intellectual stagnation—these find that the Pelman Course offers them a stairway up to the higher things of life.

Here are two letters which emphasize this. The first is from an Army student, who says:]

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

The other letter is from a lady of independent means, who felt that, at the age of fifty, her mind was becoming less active :

"Though leading a busy life, my income is inherited, not earned. My object in studying Pelman methods was not, therefore, in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of fifty, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty.

I have found the Course not only most interesting in itself, but calculated to give a mental stimulus and keenness and alertness to one's mind, which is just what most people feel the need of at my age."

It would easily be possible to quote several hundred letters exhibiting different phases of the intellectual value of Pelmanism to men and women of all ages (up to 70) and all stations.

Hardly a day passes at the Institute without at least one such letter being received.

In short, it is not merely the fleeting interest of a day that is served by the adoption of Pelmanism, but the interest of a lifetime. One may utilize the Course as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational, or intellectual—but the advantages of the training will not end there. The investment of time will bear rich fruit throughout life, and, in addition to serving a present purpose, will enable many a yet-unformed ideal to be brought within the gates of Realization.

In Pelmanism we find a soundly scientific system of practical psychology which is, by universal consent, recognized as infallibly successful in the education of the brain. "Infallibly" is a dangerous word to use ; but it may be confidently employed when speaking of the Pelman System of Mind Training. There is no case upon record in which conscientious study and application of its principles has failed to produce tangible results in the direction of development and betterment of mentality—this equally in the case of the most intellectual and best-educated types of men and women, and those of inferior attainment.

"Pelmanism" is, in fact, an intellectual force of the

first order, and no brain-using class can afford to ignore its potentialities. Psychology is by no means a new science, but in "Pelmanism" it may be said to have reached the practical stage and become as definite a means of exercising and strengthening the faculties of the mind as physical drill is of developing the muscles of the body.

A synopsis of the twelve lessons of the Pelman Course will serve to convey some idea of the scope covered, and each of the lessons, it should be noted, is accompanied by appropriate mental exercises of so attractive a nature that most Pelmanists describe them as "fascinating." From these the benefit derived is so distinct that quite a considerable proportion of Pelman students report material progress even after the *first* lesson.

*The Course is given entirely by Correspondence.*

#### LESSON I.—INTRODUCTORY

*What the Course Covers—Cause of Mental Inefficiency—Defective School Methods—14 to 25 ; Critical Years—Age in relation to Mental Efficiency—Too little Brain Work—The Fulfilment of Desire—Confidence and Work—The Value of Mental Efficiency—The Relation of Mind and Body—Is the Mind a Function of the Brain?—Memory and Efficiency—Impression—Retention—Recollection—Health and Mind—Sleeplessness—Overstrain—Rest—"Don'ts"—Perception Exercises.*

#### LESSON II.—HUMAN ENERGY

*The Mental Power House—Human Energy—What is your Work?—Interest—power—Environment—Defective Energy—Originating Energy—Aim v. Wish—Energy develops Ability—And formulates Character—Lack of Energy—Its Causes—Energy and Knowledge—What Psychologists say—Thoughts on Force—Method of Self-Analysis—And Self-Drill—"Don'ts"—Memory Training—The Long Memory—Conscious and Sub-Conscious Memory—Perception Exercises.*

#### LESSON III.—KNOWLEDGE AND THE SENSES

*The Senses and Mental Efficiency—Sensation and Perception—Sub-Conscious Action—Animal and Human*



*Senses—Relative Value of the Senses—Priority of Sight and Hearing—Value in Culture and Art—"Form" Memory—On Observation—Sense Values—Training left to Chance—The Buyer's "Eye"—Correct Inferences—Accuracy and Speed—How to Remember Names and Faces—Sound and Spelling—"Don'ts"—Perception Exercises—Analysis in Business—A Doctor's Special Methods—Recalling Lost Ideals—Three Mental Laws—Intuition and Memory.*

#### LESSON IV.—THE PELMAN LAWS OF MENTAL CONNECTION

*The Stream of Thought—The Mind-wanderer—Connected Thinking—Connected and Unconnected Ideas—The Natural Chain of Thought—The Analysis of Classification—PELMAN Laws of Inherent Connection; of Opposition; of External Connection and of Similarity of Sound; Classification Applied—Repetition and Translation of a word "Series"—Mind-wandering—Failure to Inhibit—Recollection of Isolated Facts—"Mnemonics"—Legitimate Artifice—"Don'ts."*

#### LESSON V.—WILL-POWER AND HABIT

*Will and Obstinacy—The Motive Force—The Weak-willed Man—Volcanic Will—Will as Dependent on Thought and Feeling—The Formation of Habits—Right Thought and Right Feeling mean Right Action—Resistance and Aggression—How the Expert works easily—"Can't" and "Can"—The Education of the Will—A Daily Record—Auto-suggestion—Other Kinds of Suggestion—Use in Education and Business—Rules for Suggestion—"Don'ts."*

#### LESSON VI.—CONCENTRATION

*Attention—Spontaneous and Voluntary—Interest means Success—Interesting the Child Mind—Training Attention—Classification and Definition—What is a Shaddock?—Agreements and Differences—The "How" of Classification—History—Botany—Definition—Secure all the Differences—James on Voluntary Attention—Diagram of Mind-wandering—The "Mere Glance"—External and Internal Conditions of Concentration—Business Values—"Don'ts"—Concentration Exercises.*

## LESSON VII.—HOW TO ORIGINATE IDEAS

*Thinking, Feeling, Willing—How they are in turn pre-dominant—Mental Powers: their Order of Development—Originality—Three Specimens—Analysis—Sympathy—On being Mentally Sensitive—Imagination—Seeing with the Mind's Eye—Method of Training—Importance of Analogies—Value of a Working Theory—A Tea Illustration—Think for Yourself—Unsuspected Abilities—"Don'ts"—Exercises.*

## LESSON VIII.—HOW TO DEAL WITH FACTS AND FIGURES

*The Brain does not Originate—Brain Fog—Catenation—Two Important Rules—Examples of Catenation—Recalling Names—A Shopping List—Foreign Words—The Personal Element—How Catenation Supersedes Itself—Use in Learning Languages—Figures—Remembering Dates—The Figure Alphabet—Sounds, not Letters—Homologues and their Uses—Playing Card Memory—The Knight's Tour on the Chess Board—English Kings—Figure Sentences—Wireless Telegraphy Phrases—Telephone Numbers—"Don'ts"—Imagination Exercises.*

## LESSON IX.—THE HYGIENE OF STUDY

*Circulation and Oxygenation—Semi-conscious States—A Healthy Brain—Physical Exercises—Relieving Muscular Fatigue—Constipation—The Dangers of Alcohol—Sleep—Dreams—Their Causes—Their Influence—Value of Day Dreams—Distraction—Physical Conditions of Study—Bodily Position—Effects on Memory—Headache—Eyesight—Inspiration: how induced—The Mastery of Books—A Book Reviewer's Questions—Reading and Memory Power—On Marking Books—The Student's Method—Music Memory: Visual, Analytical, Emotional, and Auditory—"Don'ts."*

## LESSON X.—SELF-EXPRESSION

*Impression and Expression—Self-Expression Develops Ability—Conversation—Three Advantages—Errors to Avoid—Discover Personal Interests—Writing—"Review" your Books—Pelman Methods Applied, Part I—The Collative Method—English Constitutional History—Magna*

*Charta—Representative Government in England—Law—Married Woman's Property Act—Libel Acts—Learning Languages—Pronunciation—Vocabularies—Theology—A Comparative Method—Science and Art—"Don'ts."*

#### LESSON XI.—THE ART OF REASONING

*Logic and Truth—Income and Responsibility—A Specious Argument—Law of Justice—Analogy and its Dangers—Shelving Difficulties—A Picture Theatre Scheme—A Popular Objection to Logic—Facts and Inferences—How Different Opinions Arise—Arguments Based on Authorities—Pelman Methods Applied, Part II—Mathematics—Trigonometry—Euclid—Telegraphy—Astronomy—Medicine—Engineering—Atomic Weights—Birmingham Metal Gauge—"Don'ts."*

#### LESSON XII.—THE INFLUENCE OF MIND ON MIND

*Personal Magnetism—The Mind of the Crowd—Unconscious Mental Influence—The Feeling of Superiority—Absence of Fear—Courage: The Primary Virtue—What is Bluff?—Sincerity and Enthusiasm—The Success Atmosphere—The Positive Outlook—Studies in Self-knowledge—Concluding Survey—The Will—The System as a Whole—How to Practise it—Resumé of the Twelve Lessons—A Last Word.*

The Pelman Institute publishes a small book, *Mind and Memory*, in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated; and a supplement treating of "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor." These two publications, together with a reprint of "Truth's" Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader of THE DUBLIN REVIEW who addresses a post-card to the Pelman Institute, 361, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

*All Correspondence is Confidential.*

